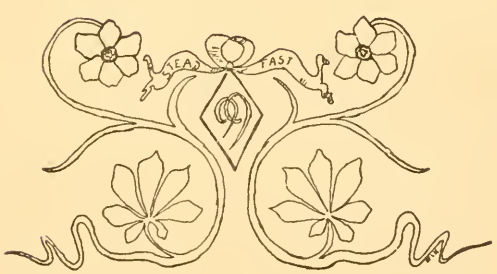
READ
FAST

WELLESLEY COLLEGE LEGENDA.



DEDICATION

TO THE COLLEGE STANDARD.

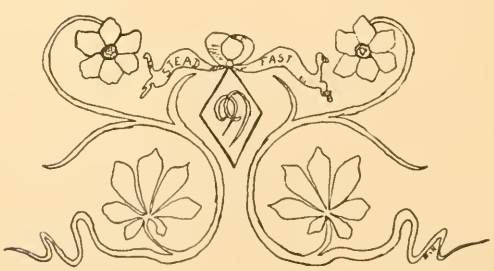
"Strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side."

CLASS SONG.

Come, Ninety-nine, and, singing,
Set all the echoes ringing
In praise of her we love so true.
Steadfast, our Alma Mater,
Shall be thy loyal daughter
Faithful to Wellesley and the blue!
Long hours of work and pleasure,
Life filled to fullest measure,
All these and more we owe to thee.
Bright be thy mem'ry ever;
We can forget, no never,
Our Alma Mater, our Wellesley.

Chorus—Wellesley forever! Long may she live!
Loyal devotion to her we give.
Thro' summer's green and winter's white
Ninety-nine shall be
Steadfast to dear Wellesley.

At dawn or even-tide,
Throughout the stillness wide,
Or when the wakened day doth call,
Steadfast, our Alma Mater,
Shall be thy loyal daughter,
Steadfast and faithful through all.
When, the dear service ended,
Memories, softly blended,
Bring back this happy golden day,
Wilt thou, too, grant us dreaming
Thy love in truth and seeming,
Thy tender care o'er us alway?



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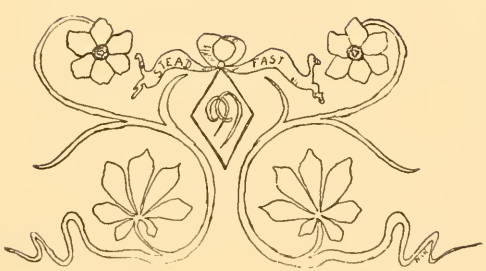
JUNE DAYS AT WELLESLEY.



VIEW OF LAKE. I.

JUNE DAYS AT WELLESLEY.

"I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?"

THERE is no time at Wellesley so rare as a day in June. Nature is coquettish there in the springtime; she realizes that she need not be first in the lists to vanquish all competitors, and when elms and maples are arraying themselves in all their spring bravery of green, and apple and cherry trees are proudly tossing their pink and white plumes, her sturdy oaks give only a hint of the beauty to come. When their leaves do unfold, it is as a miracle of loveliness. Firs, pines, and spruces, like sombre sentries in uniforms of green, so dark that they are almost black, stand guard over their gayer neighbors, stately elms, reminding one of England's rich coloring, graceful willows, slender white birches, bending caressingly over the water's edge, purple beeches, a dash of color upon which the eye delights to linger, maples, and, king of them all, the Wellesley oak. Who can describe the coloring of the oak's spring robe? Tender greens like the first unfolding of ferns in the heart of the wood, green with a hint of gray, like the olive leaf by the side of far-off Como, a faint blush of pink, like the exquisite tinting of a sea-shell, white which is white with a touch of green, or is it green with a touch of white? When the sky is gray and the wind bends the tree-tops, while they whisper their never-ending musical secrets, the shores of Lake Waban are a symphony in green; but when the sun bursts from behind the cloud, touching the distant blue hills with white light, it lends its color to the landscape and brings out unsuspected tints, until the gray, pink, and white rival the green in charm. Not until sunset does the picture reach per-

fection; then it is like a great opal in coloring,—pink, blue, violet; sky, water, air, and shore catch the changing colors "and all the beauty of the lake" stamps itself upon the heart and brain.

From the winding walk around the cove, at sunset on a June day, there is a picture which is not soon forgotten. At the left of the lake, as one leaves the meadow, the lawn like a mantle of velvet slopes to the water's edge; along the banks are great clumps of rhododendrons, turning their faces toward the water until it is almost as rosy as they; the Hunnewell gardens, with their curiously cut evergreens and low white wall, give a touch of Italy to the scene; and the sun, setting in splendor beyond the hills, brings out all the tints of flowers, trees, and sky. This is the time to drift lazily in a boat among the lily-pads, up the narrow inlet, under the low stone bridge and between banks fringed with delicate ferns, or to turn one's way toward the sea of gold in the west and steer for a land richer than the fabled El Dorado.

Lake Waban in the sunlight is resplendent, but Lake Waban under a gray sky, with a soft veil of mist thrown over the tree-tops, has a charm of its own. It recalls to memory some mid-winter morning when the Wellesley world awoke to find pines and firs stiff in their armor of ice and snow, and a robe of dazzling white over lake and shore.

Down by the avenue a clump of rhododendrons blazes in the June sunlight, their dark leaves and great blossoms mingling with the pale pink of the laurel and vivid red of the azalea. Beyond this mass of color, oaks stretch away toward the lake, a gleam of blue through the green leaves, and the campus rolls as soft and green as if English rains and suns had nurtured it for centuries. The lover of color can find no more fascinating spot; the green of leaf and grass, the gold of the sunset, the blue of sky and lake, gray walls, and pink laurel paint a picture which is the delight of "that inward eye" long after the reality has become only a memory.

Recollections of Tree Day cluster about the campus,—of stately seniors in cap and gown; gay juniors in the green and

CLUMP OF RHODODENDRONS.

white of their own narcissus, with an occasional butterfly of vivid red, purple, or yellow, outvying their namesakes in brilliancy; patriotic sophomores in the stars and stripes; Anglo-Saxon freshmen, valiant warriors with shield and spear, minstrels in soft yellows and browns. No Mardi Gras under southern skies could be more charming than this winding line of black and white and brilliant color—no Roman amphitheatre more beautiful. Who would not exchange the silken velorium of the Emperors for a sky of "Wellesley blue" or a royal carpet for the broad stretch of soft turf? Senators, knights, and vestal virgins might well covet the luxurious seats which the terrace furnishes, and delight in the stage setting of lake, trees, and flowers. Fairies dance among these same oaks on June nights and sleep on couches of the flowers and leaves of the rhododendrons, while Puck, mischievous sprite, flits among the trees in the moonlight, working confusion with his love charm and leading the Athenian lovers in fruitless chase. There "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe" wring the heart of the spectator, lion roars as never lion roared before, and even the crannied wall is the "wittiest partition" that ever did discourse. Farewell, sweet Fairies! You have made still fairer one of the loveliest spots of old Wellesley, and we shall long see among the trees the green, gold, and silver of fairy wings to recall the charm of one Midsummer Night's Dream.

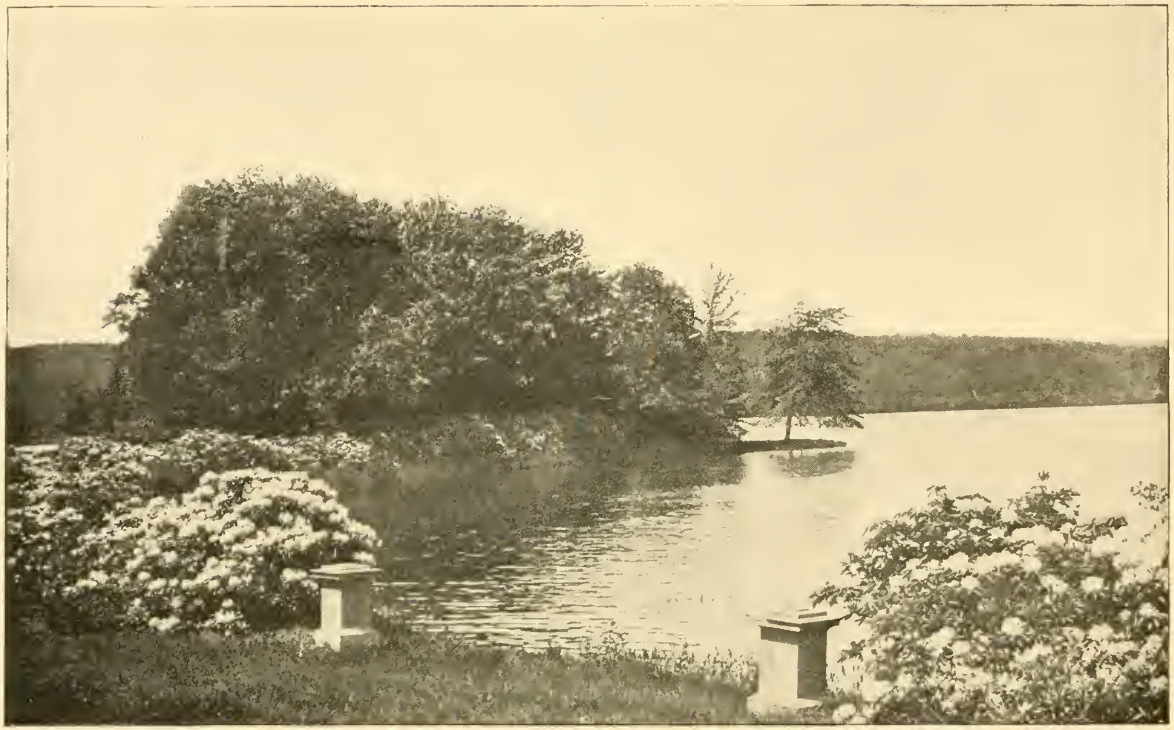
On the shore at Wellesley one may wander in June through Athenian woods, on the lake one may float into a Venetian Carnival. Red, green, and white lights flash over the water, showing slender shells with sturdy oarsmen in white, boats gay with bunting and Chinese lanterns and luxurious with cushions, idly swaying at anchor near the shore, or joining the line of canoes and shells around the brilliantly lighted floats. The music of the band, softened by distance, the sound of singing over the water, the occasional guitar, and even a stray gondola, make it easy to imagine one's self on the Grand Canal in the midst of the color and song of pleasure-loving Venice. Forget the crowds of spectators on the shore, imagine that the

oaks and alders along the banks are palace walls, close eyes and ears to all save the beauty of color and sound, and one may enjoy a Venetian Carnival, although it be called a Wellesley Float!

Not all the June days are given over to carnival. There are long sunny afternoons when a certain woodland path allures along the shore of the lake, over a carpet of pine needles and moss, and between slender birches and spicy hemlocks, whose branches are tipped with emeralds.

It is very lovely at Tupelo Point. The water laps softly against the banks, insects hum and birds chatter among the branches, and occasionally happy voices break in upon the woodland sounds. Now a boat comes around the point, with a junior pulling with long, steady stroke, while a care-free Faculty for the moment takes life easily among numerous cushions and under a capacious umbrella, or a still more indolent senior, with thoughts of final papers in the dim past, plays lady of leisure, while her sophomore friend tugs valiantly at the oar. In their stern a canoe swings around the point—no lounging here, for three youthful oarsmen paddle as if life itself depended upon reaching the head of the cove at a stated moment, and the lake, which only a minute before was so placid, is churned into fury. In the distance, by the opposite shore, is a fisherman's boat, lazily rocking to and fro, its three occupants as motionless as if carved of wood, save when an occasional jerk of the line shows that there has been an exciting "bite." One idly wonders for what they are fishing, but is quite content to have them there, in shirt sleeves and broad hats, simply as a picturesque bit of the lake view. For background there are the sweep of the lawn, the masses of rhododendrons along the water's edge, the wooded hills, beauty of color and of form wherever the eye turns.

Tupelo is not out of the world, but a five-minute walk in the opposite direction from College Hall takes one to a spot where there is not a sound save the chattering of birds and the whispering of the wind in the tree-tops. Trees grow straight and tall in the West Woods, with a glimpse of blue sky far above,



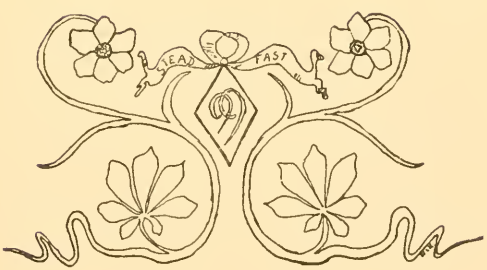
VIEW OF LAKE AND RHODODENDRONS.

and ferns and mosses at their feet. There is a mysterious rustling high among the branches of oaks and alders, and a stone, rolling from the narrow, winding path and falling into the hollow below, sends a little shiver of dread through the hearer. Fairies may dance on June nights beneath the oaks near Longfellow Pond, but ghosts wander under the sister oaks in the West Woods. Fifty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty, it may be—for what beholder dares stop to count the white-robed visitants? Enough to know that they are there, wandering in long line, their flickering tapers throwing a weird light among the trees and along the lake side. Only on dark nights do they venture out, when the rain comes down in great drops and the black sky makes a fitting canopy for the mysterious mission which calls them forth. Like the Brownies and Elves of earlier days, these spirits of the West Woods give no kindly welcome to curious prying, but there are rumors of a sepulchral dirge which they chant, and it is whispered that their *English* is perfect.

From the mysterious shades of the woods to the open of the meadow, with its "myriads of daisies" and "all heaven around us." Have you ever stood knee-deep in the grasses, in the midst of clover, buttercups, and daisies, a sea of daisies, which the wind ruffles and tosses into waves? White and gold, as far as the eye can reach; clover, deep, rich red and pink and white; grasses strung with emeralds and amethysts. Ah! life is worth the living in the daisy meadow! The sighing of the wind in the pine trees, the swaying of grasses and daisies, the flood of sunshine, are like the freedom and buoyancy of the sea, from which at sunset one sees far off in the western sky a city of towers, each pinnacle and dome tipped with crimson, violet, and gold.

A vesper service is held at this sunset hour. The path leading from the new chapel the arching trees form into a cathedral nave, dim aisles stretch away through the woods, in which the light flickers and fades, the birds are the choir invisible and all around is the hush of worship. The perfect day at Wellesley has given place to the perfect night.

AN APPROPRIATED OPINION.



AN APPROPRIATED OPINION.

PROFESSOR KARNES was leaning back in her chair, but even her leisure seemed nervously alert. One long arm stretched to the curve of the chair-rest. She was ready to pull forward any moment and bring to bear all the power of voice and presence one could not deny her. The office was growing dark, for it was past five, and a November snow-storm was whirling outside. Altogether Miss Caldwell was not comfortable. She was tall herself and had not the present advantage of leaning back in an office chair. She was conscious through her weariness and irritation that Professor Karnes was using an unjust advantage in the case, and worse than that, the advantage was innocently taken. "If she were posing at me," she thought, "I should hate her. But she is magnificent and too slow to know it."

Aloud she said, "I have tried to do the girl justice, Professor Karnes. There is not another report you could ask for that would offer such a difficulty."

A flash crossed the Professor's face. "She is brilliant. She is unresponsive. She is original. She is unintelligible. You must admit, Miss Caldwell, that I have reason to be puzzled at these accounts. I repeat that this paper is a disgraceful piece of work. I should scarcely call it work. Have you the bimonthly pleasure of deciphering such a manuscript?" She tapped it with her second finger.

Miss Caldwell was rigid with indignation at the tone the Professor had taken, but there was nothing to be said. Angular and scholastic as she was, she was blessed with a far quicker academic sense than this woman. She knew it perfectly, and she knew the student whose name was being tossed to and fro. Such work as Ethel Ashley's could not be classified. It must be taken individually and understood. There was one way out

of the present disagreement—to tell Professor Karnes that she lacked a teacher's best faculty. It was not the place of an instructor to call attention to every fact within her range of observation, so she replied along another line, but with a touch of frigidity, "I have the bimonthly pleasure of deciphering such a manuscript."

The Professor saw that she had lost her temper, if ever so little, but she had never yet been known to retreat in confusion. She laughed very low, and pushed back the chair. Both women rose together.

"As the first of the series I am to look over, you must admit it was astonishing. A junior, with two months of special training."

"It is astonishing. Let me help you with your coat. You've quite a storm to tramp through."

The Professor bent a critical eye on the window. "So I have. You are nearer home, are you not? I'm sorry, though, to have kept you so late. Good night."

Miss Caldwell watched her leave with a kind of æsthetic pleasure. Then she turned on the electric light, and sat down at the desk to recover from the disagreeable feeling Miss Karnes had aroused.

It was almost useless to urge Ethel to improve on those shapeless, ill-written reports. Miss Caldwell was not at all sure that she would not prefer them just as they were, to leaven the mass of correct mediocrity. But now that Professor Karnes had taken them into her hands, there was no such desirability left. What was excellent in material and point of view, was lost in the carelessness and oddity of the work. Ethel was too original, but Miss Caldwell saw much promise in her peculiar attitudes, since training might well develop their real power. Professor Karnes would not succeed because she could not. She was learned and effectively so—an excellent teacher in dealing with certain kinds of students—yet the intuitive approach to the individual need was beyond her.

Miss Caldwell was not a sentimentalist. She had made her

best effort to put Miss Ashley's work in the right light and had failed. Twice a week she met the division to which Ethel belonged, and without consideration of what had passed she judged the girl's work with her. For the rest, she fell into the way of getting a mild amusement out of the situation as it developed. When it had been hers to manage, she had cared about it. Now it affected Professor Karnes, and she could play spectator. She returned the reports to her divisions, looking them over for comments and recording marks. There was an ironic pleasure in detecting misgivings in Professor Karnes's mind now and then. But on the whole there was not much doubt where Ethel's marks were taking her, into the objectionable neighborhood of a junior "flunk." The truth was that Professor Karnes grew more disgusted and more interested with each successive experience. She scarcely realized that she was being educated herself. She did not know she was interested. Her unconscious zeal she converted into a progress down the alphabet, ranged with painful symmetry against Ethel's name.

One after another those unlucky reports returned to the girl. The change from Miss Caldwell's methods was puzzling. Ethel professed to understand the comments. She usually left the recitation period with Ellen May, and "what Professor Karnes could say next" rapidly became matter for breathless interest. "Why, my dear, it's alarming," came always with much real dramatic enjoyment from Ethel. Ellen proposed a consultation, but both girls were keen enough to see that the difficulty lay beyond that simply remedy.

"She would look beautiful and helpless as she does in the lecture room," said Ellen. "She would try to explain your difficulties, and she doesn't know them."

"Well, do you?" demanded Ethel.

"I'm sure it would be a vast improvement if you'd merely write a decent hand. I wouldn't accept such a paper as that," said Ellen severely.

She realized her inability to cope with the situation, and took Miss Caldwell's standpoint. If one couldn't push mat-

ters along, one had a right to be amused over a predicament. It would scarcely be too much to say the same thing of Ethel. Work did go into those papers—careful work—if the results did not indicate it. She did take herself too much as a joke. A painstaking attention to form usually ended in an imperative change of plan made at the last moment, at the expense of all neatness and comprehensibility. Parentheses were insistent. A rapid succession of pens of all kinds wrought no improvement in the quick, ugly, undifferentiated writing. The Professor usually said something so serious that Ethel neglected possible suggestions in laughing over the huge absurdity of the disaster. She had the wholesome merit of never feeling injured. She merrily assumed all the guilt, of which she need have borne only a part. Yet the matter meant something to her, as was natural enough.

The college world was approaching one of its semi-annual convulsions. Miss Caldwell was busy bringing the semester's work into final shape. She had almost forgotten her students in attention to her courses from an inside point of view. Some time before it had come to her that a timely warning might draw a brilliant examination paper from Ethel, a paper that would atone even in Professor Karnes's eyes for past offences. Her intention was recalled to her a few days before the mid-year examinations began. She was walking down the concrete path past the old chapel hill with the Professor as Ethel and Ellen came up the road. There was a lull in the conversation just long enough for the wind to catch a few words of Ellen's and drift them to the two women. They were a curt and thoroughly adverse criticism of a lecture she had apparently just taken. The Professor laughed appreciatively and said, "I suppose that's the way my girls talk about me."

And Miss Caldwell said, "I hope not. But both of those girls are yours. They take the three-twenty lecture on Thursday. Don't you know them?"

Professor Karnes looked back and shook her head. "Their faces were familiar. That's as much as I can hope for in a lecture course."

Miss Caldwell made a mental note. In the evening she wrote to Ethel, delicately suggesting a deficit in the treasury, to be met by stringent measures on Friday morning, the time set for examination. She enjoyed writing the note in a serious way, though it gave her a slight return of interest in the outcome that was uncomfortable to carry with her. That was Saturday night. Ethel had gone for a short stay in town, so that she did not get her mail till Tuesday morning rather late. She came up the hill through the mild winter sunshine, walking slowly and studying every word of the note. She was trying to decide whether or not Miss Caldwell thought it really too late to mend—whether Miss Caldwell had been "nice" to send it—whether her dear project of an extra semester course would have to fall through,—when some one coming down the hill stopped irresolutely in front of her. Ethel looked up.

"I beg your pardon. You are in sixteen, are you not?"

"Yes, Professor Karnes, your sixteen, you mean."

"Yes, I am so puzzled. Here is a name, Honoria S. Seyton."

Ethel prepared to listen with a keen sense of the humor of the situation. She touched the wire that fenced the walk off from the ground about the Art Building. The cold contact assured her that it was real, this appeal from "a faculty," a full Professor, who was puzzled, and was evidently asking for her help. She knew Miss Seyton very well in a general way. The Professor went on slowly:

"She has handed in her name for an examination conflict between sixteen and twenty-five. I seem to remember the girl in some way, but I can't find her name on my books for either course. What does she look like?"

"She is tall," said Ethel, "with rather crimpy dark hair. She always looks very solemn."

"Yes, I know that look you mean. I can't understand why I haven't her name. Are her eyebrows very straight?"

"Yes, yes indeed. She wears red a great deal too."

The Professor was almost unhappy. "Sixteen and twenty-five and no record," she murmured.

"Perhaps she has had a course," said Ethel very hesitatingly. "Perhaps she is going to pass off a course. Per—"

"But scarcely two. Besides her face is so familiar that—" And then the Professor caught Ethel's eye and she saw what Ethel saw. "Oh! I—I suppose it may be a—an extra examination."

She was so embarrassed that she found difficulty in moving. She apologized confusedly for taking Ethel's time, and went on down the hill.

"So Honoria Seyton has one flunk, so possibly she has two. Poor Miss Karnes! What a break! She won't enjoy meeting me soon again."

Of course Miss Caldwell understood the Honoria Seyton conflict at sight, so the Professor did not reveal the unwitting breach of faith she had been guilty of. She did not even know the name of the girl she had met, and she endured moments of real anguish when she pictured the incident sifting back to her as a rare bit of college gossip, with her name attached, with the name of the girl whose affairs she had opened to the public. She bemoaned her stupidity. She wrote meaningless hieroglyphs on her blotter, as it came back to her again and again. She almost hoped the girl would scorn her loftily for her slowness, and find it too ridiculous to tell. Professor Karnes might have been indifferent to her slip, but she knew well enough that the college code made such a matter the secret of one girl. That girl could and often would speak of it, but it was the unpardonable sin for another to do so, and that other a member of a faculty. She was ashamed and painfully chagrined.

Meanwhile the examinations passed. Miss Caldwell had the bad taste to fall suddenly ill, when she had not yet finished her blue-books, and they devolved on Professor Karnes to judge. She waited for some time, hoping that Miss Caldwell would be able to get her own reports out, but it became clear that it would be a number of weeks before that could happen. She was rather well pleased with the work and grew decidedly philanthropic in mood, so that when Ethel Ashley's

name appeared a half doubt rose in her mind. The book was a little more technically correct than Ethel's papers, a little more, probably because she had not had time to be, in her individual acceptation of the term, careful. Should it be failure? The record book said yes. Professor Karnes said yes. She would write the girl a note requesting an interview —explain. Explain why—what? Explain why she could not let her pass, of course.

When the missive arrived, Ethel hunted Miss Caldwell's note from her miscellaneous collections of weeks past. She went to Ellen's room, with a flushed face, still her breezy self, but very hot.

"Second budget has arrived," she said. "'A kind of grace it is to kill with speed,' but Professor Karnes doesn't seem to think so. Number two asks Miss Ashley to meet Professor Karnes's office hours. If Miss Ashley finds this inconvenient, Professor Karnes delicately offers to arrange a special interview. No direct mention is made of fresh pocket handkerchiefs, yet the implication would seem to point thitherward."

"Has she flunked you?" said Ellen, disappointed in spite of expectation.

"She has omitted to say. I have heard—mind, I don't speak from experience—I have heard that these little social attentions following the examination period mean the worst, I being in this case the worsted."

She dived behind the foot-board of the bed to escape the pad Ellen sent flying.

"Which will you have, special interview or—"

"Plain office hours from one to one-thirty will do me. I shall bolt my luncheon and ruin my digestion. She holds them to-day. Would a faculty ruin her digestion for a student?" she ended plaintively.

"Run along and get ready," said Ellen.

Ethel went out and left her notes lying. On Miss Caldwell's there was a half-blurred pencil scrawl. "Memorandum —Honoria S. Seyton."

It was one-ten. Professor was jotting down something relative to the girl who had just left, and Ethel stood waiting.

"Just a moment, please," said the Professor. "Now?" She looked up and started slightly.

Ethel sat down and laid the second note, Professor Karnes's note, on the desk, open. Miss Karnes looked at it absently. She was vividly back on the hill-slope for one thought, but suddenly she turned. "Are you Ethel Ashley?" she said incredulously.

"Yes, it is about—" Ethel stopped, realizing that she had no idea what it was all about.

"I beg your pardon," said the Professor. "I had not connected the name with you."

It was absurd to take an apologetic tone. There was no reason why she should have connected the name with anything or anybody, but she felt vague and uncomfortable. She appeared composed and for once thoroughly master of the situation. Ethel was wondering when her thread of doubt would be neatly snipped, and meantime taking in the detail of the beautiful black gown she had often wished to meet at close quarters. Professor Karnes made up her mind to be short. She ran her fingers down the column of names, and willed to say, "Your work has not been satisfactory." But the train of association was too strong for her. She had met this girl with the pleased, inscrutable expression in any number of imaginary situations, and had aways referred to their previous encounter.

"I want to thank you for trying to ignore the slip I made about Miss Seyton that day." She heard the words spoken in her own voice, and saw Ethel look solemn and flush deeply.

"O, Professor Karnes! It was my stupidity. I have such a mixed way of going at things."

"No. Indeed, no. That wasn't mixed. You helped me out of my difficulty, just as I had asked you to do."

"If it weren't for our foolish way of looking at things, it wouldn't matter at all," said Ethel clumsily. "It doesn't matter even now. There's just you and I."

She smiled reassuringly, and the Professor held out her hand.

"Just you and I," she said, as Ethel hesitatingly clasped it.

"I think I have fretted about it, and it was rather absurd after all, wasn't it?"

"One of the best jokes I ever heard," said Ethel. "I was dying to tell at first, but couldn't, you know."

"No, I suppose you couldn't."

"I—I have a one-thirty, and perhaps—"

"Oh, yes. About my note." She studied the record book again for a moment. "Well, your work has been fairly satisfactory. The examination pulled it up a great deal. I wanted to urge greater care with your papers. Perhaps you had better come and talk the next one over with me, so that next semester's showing will be better. You haven't really done yourself justice."

"Thank you, Professor Karnes, very much," said Ethel. She walked out rather dazed.

Miss Karnes had really almost forgotten her intention gracefully to break a failure to the girl who had left. "What a light the child threw in her work," she murmured as the next student came in.

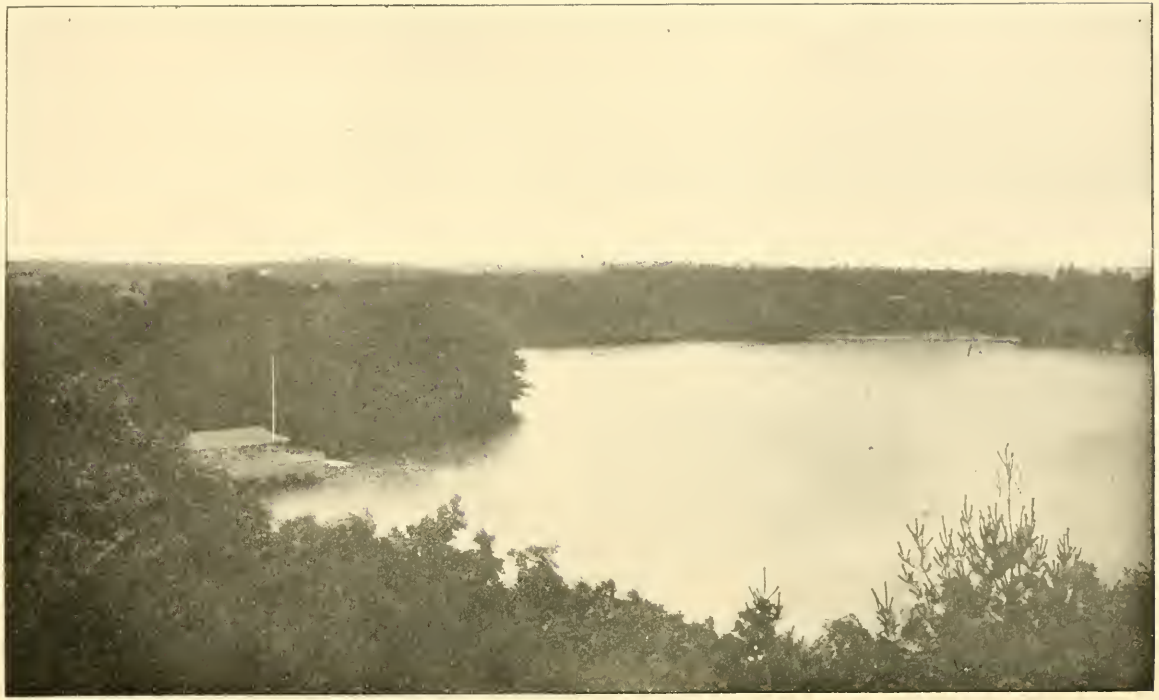
Ethel reported her experience, or part of it, to Ellen. "She didn't offer much reason, but I enjoyed it. It was just as you'd expect her office hours to be, leisurely, like a call. She looked beautiful, as usual; but not nearly so helpless. I suppose she'll lapse though. Improve on my papers! Wasn't it like her to paralyze me with fright, and then tell me that—Anticlimax."

Miss Caldwell returned not very strong, more angular, quieter, keener than ever. Her face lighted up with pleasure when she saw Ethel's card in the Secretary's office among the returns for course sixteen.

"Miss Ashley's examination was good?" she asked Professor Karnes later.

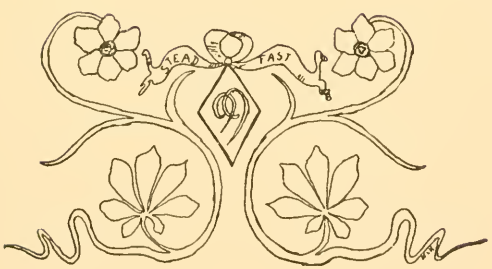
"Yes, that girl has unsuspected force," said the Professor, sweetly forgetful of past judgments.

"Unsuspected force—I suppose that would express it," said Miss Caldwell, who remembered.



VIEW OF LAKE. II.

FELLOWSHIP HALL.



FELLOWSHIP HALL

I.

A CONVERSATION.

TOMMY had the misfortune of being beautiful, so Thomas lost some of her words, though none of the expression that slowly came and went upon her calm and serious face. Thomas reflected that Tommy, if not for the solemn expression in her brown eyes, would have looked like a rosy-cheeked, handsome boy, so clean cut and strong were her features—so free and decided every motion of the energetic figure. Thomas by this time had lost her thread of the conversation entirely, catching only such words as "brotherhood," "Christian Socialism," and "fellowship" occasionally, when she was brought up with a round turn by the question, "Do you think so?"

"Dear me! Don't I think what?"

"Oh! there you have been at it again, Thomas, analyzing the shape of my nose and forehead, and you haven't heard a word I said. If you would only leave your old scrutiny alone, care less about mouths, eyes, and hands and more about what I am saying. I explained the whole thing to you from beginning to end, and you looked straight at me as if you heard every word. I want to know why, if the Christian Socialists really have founded these 'fellowships' and the men are men who are greatly respected—why more of the other nine-tenths of society don't agree with them, or at least try to help them? That's a fearfully long question, but the long and short of it is, If the world knows the Socialists are trying to help mankind why won't the world help the Socialists?"

Thomas's eyes by this time had ceased viewing Tommy's face and were riveted on a little fleecy white cloud sailing

along over the blue sky as lightly as a dandelion down through the air. Thomas's sad face grew even sadder, her eyes were very wistful and the mouth was firmly closed. But for the appealing look in the gray eyes her friends might have thought her face hard. With low incisive tones, she said:

"Tommy dear, why will you ask me these questions? I begged you not to, for I have only one answer, and that I don't want you to believe. I believe it and I know it is true—at least pretty true: men don't love one another. You asked me yesterday why one-eighth of humanity enjoyed working the other seven-eighths to death, and I had only the same answer. The week before, when you came back from the sweat-shops, you plagued me with questions, and I had only the same answer. Apparently you have been asking me questions for the last half-hour about the relation of the philanthropic one-eighth to those who perforce have need of the philanthropic. I have only the same answer. But I will say this, that philanthropy in dollars and cents would never be a necessity were it not for mammoth selfishness and greed. There, don't ask me anything more. My head burns when I get to thinking of all the immensity of misery; and most of us worse than helpless, for we can do almost nothing but talk. I always think of these lines of Morris when I get in this mood:

> "Hope is our life, when first our life grows clear;
> Hope and delight scarce crossed by lines of fear,
> Yet the day comes when fain we would not hope,
> But forasmuch as we with life must cope,
> Struggling with this and that, and who knows why?"

All through these words, spoken almost monotonously in the low repressed voice her friends knew so well, Tommy's face had become more and more troubled. Her usual calm aspect of solemnity had gone as she turned with a pathetic look to Thomas:

"Please forgive me. I forget it makes you unhappy to hear me talk so. I won't any more; only somehow when I'm with you I want to ask questions. I'm afraid I ask other people because I don't know anything about economics and never

will; but I would like to understand things even though I cannot study them as some do. You know that till I came here I was never out of Cape Cod. No one ever told me that men and women lived in such dens as I have seen in Boston. I lie awake nights thinking about it all, and when I can't stand thinking any more I talk to you. But I'll stop bothering you now. Goodness gracious! just look at that crew skimming over the lake; don't they look for all the world like a lot of humped-over white spiders? Well, if their fathers could see them I wonder what they'd think of the higher education of women. I never have found a father yet who approved of bloomers. Just look at that girl grabbing the oars! She looks as if she were nerving herself to the mighty effort of lifting the lake into the shore."

II.

A FRIENDSHIP BY ACCIDENT.

Tommy and Thomas had begun their friendship early their freshman year. Tommy was very gay then, gay as only a young and clever girl of sixteen knows how to be. She had not had any mental and emotional ups and downs, and she had no morals, for she was always good. She was good to look at and good to be with. Everybody was attached to Tommy, her beauty was so unconscious and irresistible in its charm, and her manner so responsive and lovable. Thomas too had been drawn to her, and after the friendship had proceeded slowly and safely through the usual number of superficial strata, Tommy in her turn had been drawn to Thomas. This latter fact was quite remarkable because Thomas never produced favorable first impressions, making you feel as if she were bottled up with something interesting inside, but with the cork jammed in very tight for some unknown reason. She was a hard girl to understand; reticent and sensitive, she shunned the easy good fellowship she longed for, and presented a most forbidding front when she most wished to be agreeable.

When she came to college, Tommy was one of the first girls she particularly noticed. At a very boyish, energetic pace Tommy was proceeding up the walk to College Hall, her head up, her eyes bright and her cheeks red from walking. In one hand she swung a sailor hat, and in the other a bunch of golden-rod. Thomas, always a lover of the beautiful, became so engrossed in watching this picture of health that she miscalculated distances and ran into her. The effect was a recoiling lurch and a clutch to keep each other from falling off the high board walk. Then the funny side of the collison overcame Tommy and she laughed a deep, hearty laugh. Some girls said she never "laughed" but always roared, so hearty and so resonant was her mirth. They begged each other's pardon and continued a bowing acquaintance for the next two weeks. Finally one evening they met at one of those informal functions where some students who are sowing the seeds of knowledge stop and reap the harvets of fudge. This delicious concoction made them thirsty and they began drinking water. Once started they kept it up and Thomas came out two glasses ahead of Tommy. Behold, the friendship had cemented itself. They went on from this aquatic sport to discussing a talkative senior who wanted them to join the little secret chapter. Thomas had an opportunity to explain a good deal to Tommy. Really, Thomas's explanations on this point were very able, for she had read all about settlements in a little magazine entitled *Idle Hours for Social Workers* which told about coal clubs, improved tenements and the modern economic platform, and gave commercial and race statistics.

A year slipped quietly by and Thomas considered that she knew Tommy well; she knew where she came from, the names of some of her home friends, the year her father was shipwrecked and the day her mother died. She knew that all these events had happened before Tommy was twelve, and that Tommy was miserable sometimes when she thought about her mother and father, but not otherwise, for she never missed them. Thomas knew something she cared for more than all this detail, and that was Tommy's mind or whatever

you call the thing that feels and acts. They were close friends and talked, read, and built castle in the air together. They were always busy, and both seemed to have some mysterious ability for perpetual enjoyment in their work, or in getting the kind of work they could enjoy.

Then, too, their sophomore and junior years slipped by, and the friendship became so very commonplace that when Tommy breathed Thomas drew breath, and when Tommy grieved Thomas sighed. When Tommy laughed so that in very truth the rafters rang, Thomas smiled, for Thomas never laughed. The utmost stress only drew shakes from her, but never a laugh, which fact was simply the result of a pure case of atavism. It was in one of these spells of unequal mirth when Tommy shook the rafters and Thomas her sides, that the former received her nickname. Thomas had just said that if a census of the entire negro population of the United States were to be taken and compared with that of the white population, you would find that the negro multiplied thirty per cent faster than the white man. At which statement Tommy, from Cape Cod, where the negro never thrives, had in astonishment opened her mouth very wide. This constant trick of hers gained for her on this particular day the name of Tommy after Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." It is perfectly true that this did not in any way resemble the most thrilling of Thomas's adventures, although it produced the same open-mouthed abstraction. Thomas had been named after her father's death, or even more plainly, before her own birth. The mother devoutly determined to name the child after its father, and no less devoutly hoping that it would prove a man-child to sustain her declining years, sought consolation in retaining the name though she had to give up her hopes.

So their friendship grew and flourished. The only rock upon which they split was Thomas's moods. Tommy had no ability to understand a mood or to be in one. It was a matter for solemn inquiry, for psychical research; an indefinable something that could not be helped by headache powders, or in this case even by sympathy. Alas! she was not old enough

to know the fresh air might have proved a quick antidote, for Dame Nature frowns upon all such freaks and personalities as moods. Thomas had discovered that it was useless to speak of a loneliness that made her indifferent to everything at times, for Tommy was never lonely if she had only a toad to tickle till he tucked his head comfortably down on his sternum like a large fat man taking an after-dinner nap. Nevertheless, their friendship grew in all goodness, and they felt the sheer delight of sharing in common the mysteries of thought and feeling.

III.

BAD NEWS.

Tommy and Thomas had been home together and had just come back from their spring vacation. Their room was upside down and their ideas topsy-turvy. They could not get their possessions in order again, nor did they seem able to settle down to work. Everything seemed to be in an endless circle, and all points on the circumference of their present duties converging toward one centre of misery; of which circle of past duty Oldhamport had proved a most paradisaic ten-days' tangent. Thomas had seen the good old uncle who was father, mother, and a whole family of affection to Tommy. He had greeted Thomas in a bluff, hearty way that never left him. He had warmed her heart by praising Tommy with a devotion that seemed very beautiful to lonely Thomas. He had won Thomas's affection forever by calling her his "other girl," and then both his "girls." He had driven them all over the country, taken them out sailing, and presented them with all kinds of gifts. On leaving he had asked Thomas to go away with them next summer, which she had promised to do.

Now they were back again, and their vacation seemed like a dream—a dream almost too good to be true. Four or five weeks went by filled with study, trip to the settlement, long talks and many quiet hours together. Tommy asked Thomas questions more anxiously than ever; her mind seemed to be fermenting with all the problems that had come in the last

four happy years, so soon to be over. Running concerts for the settlement, taking in flowers and singing herself hoarse for the "unprivileged classes," as she had learned to call them, did not seem to satisfy her desire to do something. Even the arduous task of drumming up subscriptions from the students did not dim her enthusiasm, but she did sympathize with the "talkative senior" she and Thomas had once criticised.

Always discussing old social themes, one day in their room they were talking about the dishonesty of monopolies. From monopolies they wandered into the long-disputed question of personal possessions. Thomas, not blessed in said possessions, held that it was right for every man to have his own private property which might include any reasonable luxuries and capricious likes for rare objects; while Tommy, with over a million in her uncle's name, insisted that it was wrong to have personal property, that only the things common to all men give the highest enjoyment. Her proof she deduced from the fact that the most beautiful things were after all the very things common to everybody, such as the sky, the earth, flowers—in a word, all universal nature; and to boot, the spirit of love and fellowship, a common, priceless gift to be had for the wishing by even the poorest. Tommy with victorious tones completed her argument.

"Why, Thomas, if uncle could only see these things as I do I'd never spend a cent more than I could help on personal luxuries, and I'd do something with all the money uncle gives me. Whenever I go into the settlement, dollars and cents just stand between me and the people I want to learn to love. Why, I feel all the time as if they must hate me if they knew that I have money that I can never even begin to use and some of them are almost starving. If uncle would only understand —but he just laughs, says he has earned the money and wants to see me spend it. I am just ashamed to give it in actual dollars and cents to people when I feel all the time as if I had never had any right to it anyway. I can't spend it all on flowers, doll shows, and things of that kind; I don't believe in most organized charities, and even if I did give it to them it

would never reach the people I want it to." So you see that her argument had not only its crescendo but its decrescendo too, as has everything in this life. As she completed this unsettled climax, there came a rap at the door. She sang out "Come in" in her usual hearty way, and Sophia, the door girl, walked in.

"Mrs. Rutledge wanted to know if you was in, Miss Dabney. She says she wishes to see you, but for you not to come down, as she'll come to your room." Tommy's face wore a troubled look as Sophia closed the door.

"Thomas, what can she want to see me for? I haven't done a thing I ought not to, and if I had she would have sent for me and not come up here this way." Just then Mrs. Rutledge knocked quietly and walked in. In her hand she held a telegram.

"Miss Dabney," she said, in her low voice, "I have bad news for you, the worst news. Your uncle died unexpectedly a few hours ago."

Tommy's color fled, she caught her breath and turning took hold of the back of a chair near by. Hesitatingly she said in deep, boyish tones:

"Thank you, Mrs. Rutledge." Mrs. Rutledge, as she closed the door softly, whispered "Poor child!" Thomas, very white, for sorrow never dulls some people, turned her back and looked out the window over the dancing, sun-swept lake. She only heard, "Oh, uncle! uncle!" said in the boyish voice she had grown to love so well. Then with a heavy step Tommy walked to the washstand and bathed her face again and again in cold water. The low insistent voice of Thomas lost its wonted precision as she said:

"I—I will pack the bags. We can leave at once for—we can leave on the 12.30."

IV.

SENIOR WEEK.

Thomas and Tommy were back again and the two weeks' work was all made up. Now the examinations and papers had

come and gone and only the last few days of festivities remained to be finished. Tommy was very weary—weary of the noise and rush and anxious to be in her own quiet, beautiful home. There she hoped to readjust her life—to grow content that some of the best of her life was behind her and to put new thought and experience into some new work. But with all her calm endurance the hours and days proved interminably long. Her cheeks were no longer so red and there were lines about the eyes and mouth. This Tommy, just twenty-one, was far different from Tommy sixteen. She sat resolutely calm by the window and watched the seniors and their guests go by to the garden party on the hill. She felt that she had no part in these festivities and was simply waiting for her degree.

Thomas these days always answered all her questions on sociology and on anything else for that matter. No question was so small that it was not discussed gladly, gone over and rediscussed to keep Tommy from thinking. Thomas was constantly near Tommy, only she did not look at her so often as of old. Sometimes she would turn her back and walk away, only to return to speak of the sunset or the sunlight on the lake, the flowers in the meadows or the wind in the trees. It was on one of these walks when Thomas was most assiduous in her attempts to see everything about her—the red lining to the grasshopper's wings; the dust from the tree buds which little birds shook off the twigs as they sang, like so much golden sunshine; even the white frilled buttercup amidst all her sister yellow frills was food for conversation. Tommy broke the silence.

"Dear, I understand now what Professor Ess meant when she said, 'The dead leaf that falls from the tree has liberty, but the sun has no liberty. The dust of which we are made has no liberty; its liberty comes with its decay.' I do not want to go on, but I feel as if I would like to do nothing for a long while. It seems as if I could never do anything without uncle, and yet I must, for I am not free. When we get home I hope things will be different."

Thomas made no reply, but stopped her scrutiny of a waving pine-tree top to put one hand on Tommy's shoulder. She turned her slowly toward her, kissed her gently, turned her back again, and walked off. Tommy stooped to put a dazed June bug off the walk into the cool green grass.

"It might get hurt, you know, and then the poor thing could not go mad with summer joy about the electric lights any more. I am so glad that you are going to be with me now, Thomas—that is, unless some horribly uninteresting young man comes along and persuades you that it is your duty to desert all your friends. We will keep things in the house just as uncle liked them, but oh! I have so many plans for other things. Wait until we get away from here and then I shall begin to make plans in earnest. Oh, this intolerably long day! Just look at the girls all coming back from the Glee Club concert. You old sinner to stay here with me and not to go when I wanted you to. You've just got to go to the senior play tomorrow or you will make me miserable."

V.

CAPTAIN 'KIAH'S POINT OF VIEW.

"I see that friend of Desire's what she calls Thomas yesterday. It's more'n queer how women folks will give gals boy's names. My sister's husband's cousin hez got a gal they named George. Th' doctor told me just the day before that Desire wa'nt well, so I asked after her. Her friend's a mighty queer-lookin' gal with a big head an' a solemn face that don't look as if she'd care much 'bout a joke. She wuz carryin' a basket with a hull lot of flowers in it covered over with a white cloth; en' I thought it wuz washin' she wuz carryin' hum, an' I offered to take it along to the house for her. Gee! when I got hold of that basket it flew up like a sky rocket; it didn't weigh more'n a quart of oats, and I, mistrustin' it wuz clothes, cac'lated to heft somethin' as heavy as a hundred-pound halibut.

"When we got to the door she sez, sez she, 'Come in, Cap-

tain, and rest ye a bit,' but I told her that cranberry bog wuz a-waitin' for me and I guessed I'd better not. I knew you'd be up there and them young bucks a-scalpin' the bog an' a-mussin' over more berries than they picked to see who could scalp their quart first; most of the time a-stuffin' th' measure with anythin' they could lay their hands on, stones, sticks, an' grass. Last year that Hicks's son wuz the worst young devil in th' lot. Every single measure he'd shake up till they wuz light as feathers, an' when the quart wa'n't more'n half full I'll be goll-darned if it didn't look plum full! I told him then I'd got tired of that kind of business an' he could catch as many kentle cod as he pleased, but he'd never pick another cranberry for me on Cape Cod. Th' hull set acted worse'n hogs. That's why I hire 'em this year twenty-five cents an hour, and if they're good, reliable men they're worth th' money, yes, they're worth it.

"'Well,' sez she, 'if you won't come in, why then come over and see our new buildin' '—that's th' one Barzilla told us 'bout th' other night at th' store. I wuz kind of curious, so I went 'long with her. It's 'bout five rods off th' road, an' a plaster walk leadin' up to it. Thar's a great big door, bigger'n your red-and-white barn door, an' over th' top they hev a motto painted just th' same as that fool city chap, Sanders, who come up here and painted over his door '*Labor omnia vincit*,' which I s'pose means somethin' 'bout labor, but I ain't never see him do a hard stroke of work yet. They ain't got it in a furrin tongue like that, but it's somethin' from th' Gospel. 'Little children, love one another'—that's the gist of it, I think. Desire come along just as we wuz goin' in; and she's just as up an' comin' an' pretty as she ever wuz—only her black clothes made her look kind of sad. She wuz right hearty in her welcome and begun to talk 'bout old times. First thing I knowed she wuz laughin' fit to kill herself. She wanted to know if I remembered that time six years ago my wife an' I asked her to come hev supper with us. Pemmiah'd cooked a nice puddin' for Desire, the kind with raisins in it, an' set it out on the hog-sty to cool. When supper wuz ready

she come out to th' door an' called 'Kiah, Kiah! come to supper! And fetch in thet puddin' I set out on th' hog-sty to cool.' Desire she laughed then fit to kill herself, but Pemmiah an' I never could see anythin' funny in thet.

"Well, then we all went into the buildin' they call Fellowship Hall. No! it ain't got nothin' to do with th' Odd Fellows. There wuz a hull lot of book shelves along thet wall, an' a fireplace an' a chimney big enough to let a hull nor'easter down. Queerest thing 'bout th' place wuz thar wasn't no plaster, only polished hard oak rafters and walls, an' th' place wuz all het up by hot water she sez. I sez I didn't see how thet 'ud be possible. I didn't know as there wuz any cisterns or drilled wells big enough to boil water for a hall thet size. Oh no, sez she, th' water is forced from a pond below into th' boiler. It's some kind of a new-fangled improvement—thar ain't more'n three of um in th' hull county. I asked her what th' hall wuz for, an' she sez for everybody, the children usually in th' mornin' to school, th' boys and gals in th' afternoon to draw out books or tend th' chorus class an' th' like. She sez she hoped th' men would come in th' evening; those who wanted to could read in the library or th' smokin' room, or play games of some sort. She sez too thet thar wuz goin' to be formed a Ladies' Readin' Club and a Sewin' Society.

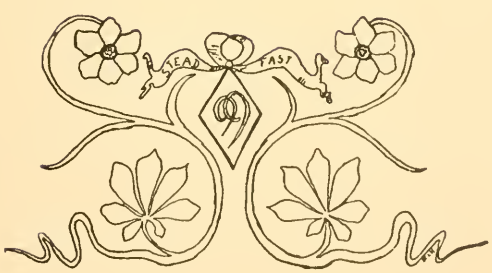
"In th' mornin' she sez they hev a very full kintergarden. I asked her what kind of a garden thet wuz, never havin' heard of it myself. It seems 'twa'n't a garden 't all, but nothin' but a sort of baby's primary school where they're learned how to make paper mats, sing songs, say pieces, an' march. Then, she sez, they had a Kitchen Garden Club in th' afternoon, an' I asked her what kind of vegetables they raised. She sez they didn't raise nothin', but just learned the women folks how to cook well an' economical. I thought thet wuz a mighty clever notion, for I ain't never seen any food thet wuz too good for me yet. Waal, thet's th' way it went; there wuz a hull lot of names of clubs and societies thet didn't seem to mean nothin'. But I take it they're hevin' some fine times there already. There's fifty children in th' mornin' to th'

kintergarden and a lot of women folks to thet other garden. She asked me and Pemmiah over Monday night to th' hall to hear some church singers what's comin' from Boston to give a concert. I guess we'll go an' see what it's like.

"Finally, I steered my course due north towards this bloomin' cranberry bog, an' I'd 'a' got here five minutes sooner if it hadn't been for thet idiot, Joe Smalley, who stopped me to tell 'bout thet hoss of his. Seems he's been out of work and wanted to board his horse cheap, so he come down from three quarts of corn to two, then to one, then a pint of feed, and at last to nothin'. Then he sez th' critter died just 'bout th' time he got him so he could live on nothin'. Now he ain't got no horse to cart with, and I guess he'll hev to go to th' country house. Here! you young devils, get out an' don't you stop Ruf screening them berries!"

WALK TO TUPELO.

A FRIEND'S INFIRMITIES.



A FRIEND'S INFIRMITIES.

THE Six were holding a council in Stella's room, after luncheon. There were only four of them present, but the piano-box of a room seemed sufficiently occupied. Mary, in her usual distinguished manner, was leaning back in the cushions of the Morris chair. She was slowly and gracefully clearing the saucer of fudge at her elbow. Sue and Ethel had flung themselves luxuriously on the bed. Stella, as hostess occupied a wooden chair with an uncertain back.

The conversation was not as brisk as usual. Rarely more than one spoke at a time. Something was wrong. The two absent ones of the Six were under discussion. "Madge says she has applied for a single room—" Stella announced, looking sternly at an innocent wad of dust under the bed. "Helen doesn't say a word except to declare that they haven't quarrelled," added Sue.

"Who is to blame?"

"Madge; she's awfully queer sometimes, and she never appreciated Helen, *I* think."

At this point a kick on the door and a rattling of the knob. Enter Miss Madge clutching a slip of green paper.

"Girls, I can go to the "Siegfried" with you to-night, after all."

"A check from home? Wish I'd get one."

"No. It's a—prize."

An astonished pause, then four voices as one, "How much?"

Madge fell weakly into the proffered perch on the bed. "I'm so excited, see how my hand shakes. First cent I ever earned."

"How much? How did you do it?" from the quartet.

"Two dollars—magnificent sum—half column for the *Daily Rattler*. Wrote up an adventure of my grandfather's in Mexico."

Two dollars! To Mary it meant a dinner in town, perhaps, or violets for a week. Ethel would have paid a little bill; Sue and Stella would have wasted it on books. But to Madge, gazing fondly at her treasure, the scrap of paper was almost sacred. It was her passport into a little paradise that it had cost her a heartache to turn away from.

"I can hear Kraus in "Siegfried" now; thirty cents round trip, if I walk to the station and go on Mary's ticket-book, one dollar for Olympus, fifty cents for my bed, thirty cents for breakfast. Hurrah for the *Rattler!*"

"I've written for rooms only for us four and our chaperon," said Mary. "Is Helen going too?"

"Don't know," from Madge, with a hardening of her voice.

"Yes, she's going. She told me so before luncheon. She said she would trust to luck for a room," some one volunteered.

The gong outside the door struck once. "Five minutes to get to the Art Building and go over my notes," gasped Mary, crowding the last smooth oblong of "fudge" into her mouth. She cast a regretful glance at her nest of cushions as she ran from the room, followed by the others. But Madge hadn't the energy to run, now that her little sensation was "sprung" and the old skeleton was dragged to the fore again. She climbed the stairs to her room slowly, as if she cared not a bean whether she ever reached it or not. She entered the cosey little study cautiously; but Helen was gone. She closed the door behind her and locked it. She closed the transom, walked irresolutely about the room, looked blindly at the snowy stretch of the lake; then she suddenly cast herself face downward on the couch.

A cynical senior had once remarked, when Madge was a hopeful freshman, "This roommate business is always more or less of a tragedy, no matter how you run it. Either you care more for the other girl than she cares for you, or she

bores you with her feelings, or if you both care, you run the danger of dropping the rest of the world. The only way to go through college comfortably is to room alone, or with some one to whom you are utterly indifferent." Madge had not understood the bitter wisdom of this observation at the time. She knew very well that if she found the right girl, they would make a model pair of roommates, "perfectly devoted to each other, but with plenty of other friends."

When she "came up" from the village, she was put in with Helen. Each one had dreaded something so much worse that the common feeling of relief had made them friends. They were both a little homesick. So far, so good. It seems very simple. Two girls, each wanting a friend, are suddenly thrown together; each finds a friend in the other.

But there are different kinds of friends. Madge always had to "tie to" somebody. She wished many friends of the second degree, but only one of the first. She must have some *one* to look to for inspiration, to group her life about. Helen was different; she loved many, but no two in just the same way. She enjoyed her friends more because she knew she loved them than for the affection she thought they gave her. She could not possibly have arranged them in a column; they must be in a circle around her—but not too near.

The Devil, being an astute gentleman, saw an opening for an unsually artistic bit of work. The two girls were given time to grow closely attached to each other, in their own ways. Then Madge, in an unpleasantly analytic mood, was made to see the possibility of giving her all to one who in return rendered only a portion. Helen had several very intimate friends besides herself; Madge even felt a little "out of it" at times. At this point the clever Gentleman thoughtfully provided Madge with a microscope and a neat set of dissecting tools. She might possibly find them useful, if she were anxious "to know the truth, no matter how it hurts." In other words, Madge was to find out whether Helen, or any one else, really cared for her at all. But love must be taken on trust; you

cannot squeeze it between two bits of glass and make a diagram of it. Madge found this out. On the last page of the note-book which she kept to show to her Satanic Instructor she wrote, "There is no such thing as true friendship—at least for me. I shall have nothing to do with shams." Her Instructor seemed much pleased at this astute conclusion. He bowed himself out, protesting that he could really teach her no more on the subject.

This little incident was, of course, private history. To human eyes, nothing much ever happened; the girls were still friendly enough. Helen never talked about herself, so her feelings had to be guessed at. Madge always talked; it would have killed her to hide anything, whether to her credit or not. The other girls of the Six, finding Helen's silence vastly more appealing than Madge's exhaustive psychological analyses, drew their own conclusions as to who was in the wrong. Madge, supernaturally keen when ferreting out other people's uncomplimentary opinions of her own sweet self, began to fear that she had not a friend in the world. She was sure that Helen hated her, or was kind only out of pity. She wished that she could hate her. So it came about that they were rarely seen together, and never talked unless a third person made it necessary. "We are almost as good as married," Madge flippantly told Ethel.

This remark suggested to Madge herself a way out of a situation that bordered on the harrowing. Why not sue for a divorce? She sent in an application for a single room "on account of her health." Much delighted with herself at accomplishing this laudable feat without a previous announcement to the Six, and vowing not to disclose it until she should be ready to move, she immediately hastened to tell the other four all about it, under promise of secrecy. They all told her she was a fool, and that she didn't know when she was well off. But Madge had been hurt, and experienced a natural impulse to hurt back. A change to single rooms would make both Helen and herself miserable. For her part, she would be "out of it still more with the other girls, who always sided with

Helen." Such was the unhappy state of affairs on the noon before that memorable night of "Siegfried."

* * * * *

To go to the opera from Wellesley is, as every one knows, a long and perilous pilgrimage. It was made more so, on this particular night, by a soft damp snow that stuck like flakes from a down quilt. The Six dressed for the expedition in high boots, short skirts, and severe hats. They ate their early dinner together at a little table in the corner of the big, deserted dining-room, with its acres of tablecloth and shining floor; three minutes for soup, seven for the meat course, no time at all for dessert. Then an exciting run across the snow-misted meadow, and through the "ville" to the station. Four minutes of shivering, then shaking of wet skirts, and fears that the train would be late and cheat them out of the overture. A whistle, a headlight around the curve, magnified into a hazy sun by the snow. The coach was half empty, with that air of jaded indifference that made laughter or cheerful conversation seem an intrusion.

There had been a little skilful manœuvre on Madge's part to avoid sitting with Helen. She, being the odd one, had therefore the satisfaction of sitting alone and seeing Helen in an animated conversation with the chaperone. "She always puts herself out to be pleasant to new people," Madge remarked sarcastically to herself, opening her libretto.

The train jolted up and down in the darkness. Lights flew past, and finally Boston slid up. A wild rush from the train, a wilder rush up the doubtful street where the few pedestrians seemed much interested in the theatre party. Richard Wagner himself would have been flattered at this excess of devotion to his art sublime.

Mary threw seven dollars at the ticket window, and dashed back with the tickets. Ah, that last mad, glorious flight up the dingy stairs, snatching up programmes on the way! Their goal was safely reached—a row of seats up in the back bleachers, preferred by all experienced Olympians to the front seats, where you always feel as if a breath from behind would send

you bumping down the hill over the railing, with a startling arrival on the precious head of the adored Damrosch.

Our party took off their hats and coats, stowed their bags away under the seat, rolled up their sleeves, you might say, for the serious work of the evening. A little leisurely conversation was indulged in, all proving to their own satisfaction that Olympus was the only place in an America opera house whence you could obtain the true, authentic, Beyreuth effect.

Madge was interested in her neighbors. She listened respectfully to the ejaculations of the glib young man who wished the world to know that he had a certain mysterious "libret fr' th' opra." Across the aisle were two dark youths with flowing locks and careless ties; musicians, she hoped; at least, very Bohemian. A little lower down a mistaken old couple with white gloves and a festive air of making themselves agreeable to each other, aroused her pity. "They don't know a musical drama from an Italian costumed concert," said Madge to Stella.

Hush! The lights go out, and come up below the curtain. Tap, tap, from the baton, one, two, three—

It is a great pity that we are not always as happy as we are sometimes in little glimpses and snatches. Madge "merged" herself in the music and the scene—she even tried to take the Dragon seriously. Only between acts was she conscious of herself; but she seemed then so commonplace and contemptible to herself that she refused to think, and sat in a golden, dozing mist of imageless joy.

Siegfried forged his sword and conquered the world, and found his heart. Then humpty-bump, back to real life, down from Olympus to the street.

"I'm hungry. If I were a man, I should seek a cheese sandwich and a mug," murmured Mary. Her wish was echoed in every heart. But the Six were not men. They commented on this fact, and philosophically comforted themselves with innocent malted milk, served with whipped cream and plenty of salt.

There was the usual exhilarating hunt after the landlady's

house, witnessed by a youth and maiden who were lingeringly saying good-night on a door-step. The landlady's husband opened the door. The landlady stood at the top of the stairs against a lighted doorway, her well-developed person arrayed in a diaphanous robe. She had two vacant rooms; a single room for the Chaperon, and a large chamber with two beds for the four young ladies.

Slightly dismayed, but still philosophical, the Six sought "the large chamber." Arrived there, and bolted in, they were instantly overcome by the highest pitch of enthusiasm for everything. Whether from too much music or too much malted milk, certain it is they none of them thought of sleep until half-past two. The room was on the basement floor, where the dining-room is in most well-ordered boarding-houses. It was furnished chastely with a dresser, the two beds, a folding washstand, and a large, emaciated arm-chair. What should have been the butler's pantry served for a dressing-room. Several choice prints decorated the walls; Washington and his Cabinet, Signers of the Declaration, and Marriage of Pocohantas. The room was a good type of the Boston lodging; its air of dreary hopelessness showed plainly that its interest in "transients" had long since expired.

The girls started gayly on an exploring tour. They all tried the arm-chair, and admired the works of art. Mary opened the beds, marvelling at the old ivory tint of the sheets.

"Girls," in a tragic whisper, "I believe these sheets have been used!"

"Girls," still more tragically, from Stella on her knees before the black fireplace, "this grate has been used! Here is a letter addressed to Mr. Thomas Kiggle."

"What?" from the others, as they crowded around her, "why, it's perfectly empty."

"That's what I was exclaiming over. I'm hungry. I thought I might find something to eat there."

"Logical Ethel! Clothes in the pantry; therefore eatables in the bureau drawers." Stella and Sue produced oranges

and crackers from their bags. The girls sat in rows on the beds, to devour them; in the temporary lull, snores were heard from the next room—which should have been the kitchen.

"A man!" shrieked the chorus, dropping their half-sucked oranges. The emaciated arm-chair and the folding wash-stand were pushed against the kitchen door. Stella suggested that the girls take turns at sitting on guard, each couple two hours each. In this way each girl would get four hours' sleep, without being crowded. Sue quietly crept into bed, resolving to stay there all night. Helen protested that she would really enjoy sleeping in the top bureau drawer, and Ethel put in a plea for the arm-chair.

But Mary settled the matter, as usual; she said they must draw lots, and "sleep accordin'." Helen drew first—a short burned match; that meant the outside of the smaller bed. Madge frowned, and drew—a short unburned match; middle of the smaller bed. Mary appropriated the other side of the bed. "It's all right for us, isn't it?" she remarked blandly. "Both you two slim creatures will leave lots of room for me."

Madge was too vexed to speak. It was possible to share the same study and bedroom with a girl, and by a little skilful management keep up a show of injured dignity. But to sleep three in a bed with her, obliged to cling together to keep each other in, was a little humiliating.

But sleep must be gone through with. Your friends may lie at the point of death, you may expect execution by the rope to-morrow, or a tough examination; still you must sleep. So the Six, after stripping off the objectionable sheets, turned out the lights and packed themselves in. Five minutes' silence—all resolved to be quiet and let the rest sleep, if they didn't lose themselves for one second all night. Then, "Please excuse my elbow. It must be excruciating; but I haven't any other place to put it."

"Not at all. But would you mind taking your hair from my face? It is a little warm."

"Oh, dear! I know how it feels to be 'laid out' now."

"Pardon me, Ethel; would you just as soon stop breathing? A draught on the back of my neck always gives me a cold." The conversation became hilarious, varied with vocal music. Madge meant to be dignified; but she had to hold Helen in to keep that unfortunate maiden from tumbling over the edge of the bed. Both girls, infected by the giddy spirit of the air, laughed against their better judgment. Before they knew it, they were joking in the old, jolly freshman way that had seemed gone forever. They were the same girls as they were an hour ago. But there they were, whispering and giggling, although no "third" could be said to necessitate it. Mary was there; but she was breathing luxuriously, oblivious to her trouble and the fact that she was occupying at least half of the bed.

The night passed—finally. Madge had not slept a wink. Mary vowed she had not. All the girls were heavy-headed and a little uncommunicative. After a hasty toilet, with towels that Mary declared had been used, the Six ate their breakfast meekly under the severe eye of the landlady. She inquired politely how the Chaperon had slept; she did not bestow the same attention on the Six. But she shook hands with them at parting, and told them to come again.

A brisk walk to the station in the chill morning air waked them up. They rode out to Wellesley in quite a happy mood, reading what the critics had to say about "Siegfried," rejoiced to find that they had not enjoyed it too much.

Madge, suddenly remembering that lessons existed, drew out her Rolfe "Julius Cæsar." Helen looked over her shoulder, and they read together the quarrel scene:

> "Brutus hath rived my heart;
> A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
> But Brutus makes mine greater than they are."
>
> "Give me a bowl of wine.
> In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
> My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
> Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswells the cup;
> I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love."

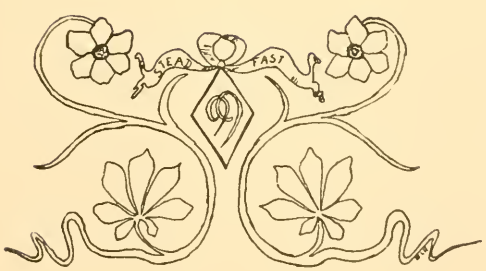
"Girls," interrupted Stella, laying down her paper, "we ought to plan pretty soon where and how we are going to room next year."

Madge looked out of the window. "I suppose Helen and I will keep on as we are."

Then the train drew up at the Wellesley station, and life grew serious again. Yes, Helen and Madge were just as they had been yesterday; but the evil day was averted. After all, what is life but that?

TUPELO POINT.

A CASE OF ROOMMATES.



A CASE OF ROOMMATES.

FOR half an hour Jo Doyle had been sitting under a low tree near Stone Hall and within sound of the water slipping liquidly over the pebbles at the foot of the bank. Beside her lay Kant's "Ethics" and a bundle of notes containing a careful outline of the points she expected to make in her paper. On the first sheet of the new block in her lap she had written the heading "What is Freedom?"—and there her pen poised for argument had hesitated, and finally alighted on the clear page only to draw aimless parallel lines leading nowhere in particular. And now, after a half hour's fragmentary meditation, Miss Josephine Doyle, of scholarly reputation, and senior president-elect of her class, became aware of a white sheet before her covered with musical notation—simple melodies containing impossible intervals, all modifications of familiar phrases, and all minor, she noted.

"Kant never wrote his 'Ethics' in May," she reflected; "and Plato, on a day like this, would have gone out to meditate under his palm tree by the river. Therefore J. Doyle will now roll in the grass and learn freedom by experiences."

She flung the paper behind the tree, and stretching the stiffness out of her joints, lay down on the green bank to yield to the witchery of the world. A breeze ruffled the water in the cove, shook the young leaves of the beech tree overhead, and sprinkled her with darting shadows. She gazed deep into the tall grass forest about her, and watched a sunbeam piercing a way to the blade roots, suffusing its path with green, gold light. A red spider hung between high grasses; ants were busy at the bottom; gauzy flies lingered in the swaying tops; and now and then a stout blade leaned under a blundering grasshopper. The girl was no longer a college student har-

assed by papers and social engagements such as no sane person could accomplish decently and in order. She had escaped from the adulatory congratulations of the lower-class girls and from the hearty words of her own classmates upon her election of two days ago. For a while she would be heedless of clamoring responsibility, heedless even of the friends whom she had evaded that afternoon. Jo Doyle had theories on the necessity of idleness, but during the crowded weeks of the spring term she had not permitted herself the ecstasy of solitary, unfettered moments like these. The motion of the air, the swish of the new leaves, the flight of a scarlet tanager, the streaming light, soothed and replenished her. Yet even this liberty was short-lived. A rustling in the bushes and steps along the bank disturbed her. She sat up, with vengeance in her heart, which softened at once when she recognized the listless figure pushing past her. It was not like Agnes to look listless. Jo gave a shrill whistle.

"Hello, Jo," cried Agnes. "What are you poking off here for? I was going to see you, but I didn't expect to find you alone."

"I'm writing a paper," and Joe pointed to the scattered objects under the tree. "You didn't appear to be rushing in my direction when I first saw you. Anything special?" She gave a keen look at Agnes.

"N—no. I was only going to ask you to take a walk. But I'll go on. No doubt I can find somebody else just as eager—and you're evidently so rushed with work."

"Hold on! I'm not hurting myself with work. But don't let's walk. What do you say to the lake? Here, take these cushions around to the boat-house, don't you want to? And I'll go home and get the oars."

Before Agnes could demur Jo had smothered her with cushions and started off toward Norumbega, not without a sigh for her lost solitude. She checked herself, ashamed, when she looked back at the slight figure slowly swinging the cushions along the shady path. She thought she knew why

Agnes was listless to-day, and why her own company was preferred to that of Franc Wellington. Jo would have lost a year of free moments for Agnes Fuller—Agnes, the droll and debonair, who flunked so cheerfully, and served her friends so loyally, and hid her own sensitiveness under such absurdities. In her own room Jo snatched a white rose from the mass of flowers on her writing-table, hastily put it into a paper bag with a box of strawberries, and started forth, oars over her shoulder and a queer bundle under her arm. She found Agnes already seated in the stern. Jo took her place at the oars, laid the bundle in Agnes's lap, and pushed out.

"I thought we might get hungry. Where shall we go?"

"O, anywhere—across to Mrs. Durant's willow. I hope it's strawberries. It is, isn't it? And that curly-haired freshman sent them to you, I know. She's artistic as well as sentimental. Jo, look at the rose with them! Did you see that? Now that rose grew for my special benefit."

"Of course—I put it in myself—thought you liked them white. It came in a big bunch this morning."

"You! Why, Josephine, you're growing sentimental. Your election has turned your head. What 'tis to be senior president-elect! I wish—"

Jo scowled. "What do you wish?"

"I was going to say, I wish—no, I don't either. There! Is that properly beautifying?" And with a flourish Agnes bent her neck to show the white rose in her yellow hair.

"Trim the boat!" answered Jo, but she appreciated the picture before her. "I want to know what you are so doubtful about wishing. Do you wish you were senior president?"

"I'd rather be—Queen Regent of Spain! No, I don't wish anything now. What I was going to say sounded queer—I was wishing for just a minute that Franc had been elected."

Jo's eyes grew tender.

"Why?"

"Because—well, it's really because if she were senior president she wouldn't be elected Chi Theta president. I know they're going to put her up for that."

"Well, why not?"

The blood rushed to Agnes's face.

"You know why not, Jo. You know I couldn't room with Franc if she were president of her society. Of course I should be awfully glad if she were president even if it did mean—" She broke off, with lips a-quiver. "Jo, you make me feel more ashamed than ever. How do you like it?"

"I don't mind it."

Agnes turned her head away and thrust her hand into the water. Jo's forehead was knotted between her gray eyes.

"It's this way with me, Agnes. I like Franc—in fact, I think a good deal of her, and I believe she thinks about as much of me. Of course there are her society friends. She's always loyal to them, and she can't have just that sort of relationship with any one outside the society—but that doesn't make any difference to me. She gives me the kind I want. Her friendship is as genuine as if I were in her society. And if that is true for me, it ought to be truer for you, who have lived with her for three years. Her intimacy with you is more familiar than any other she has had in college, or can have."

Agnes continued to study the path her finger made in the water. Jo headed the boat down the lake and let the oars swing idly in the row-locks. She leaned forward, clasping her hands about one knee, and scanned the face opposite her. The late sun lit up Agnes's yellow hair, and tinged the white rose that had drooped toward her neck.

"Give me a strawberry," said Jo.

Agnes held out the box and smiled a faint but determined smile into the friendly face before her. Jo saw the unshed tears, and looked away while she bit into a huge berry.

"Thanks. Of course, Agnes, I know there's another side of it. I haven't lived a year in the house with you and Franc for nothing. You needn't explain"—Agnes began to speak —"I've watched you both, and you've both behaved well. It is awkward sometimes, but it would be worse if you and Franc weren't such good friends, and especially if you didn't

know the Chi Theta girls so well. They feel almost as if you belonged to them."

Agnes braced up and began again on the berries.

"Yes, they have been square, and I like them a lot. Of course I know well enough that I'd have been admitted to the society long ago if I didn't flunk regularly as fast as I get rid of a condition."

She sighed, and Jo's eyes wrinkled with amusement.

"Nobody judges you by your conditions. You wouldn't be Agnes Fuller without a condition to talk about and comfort the freshmen with. And nobody but Franc really cares that you are not in the society. The girls like you just the same."

"I know all that, and I pretend to be satisfied, but I'm not. Nobody really enjoys conditions, you know, and every girl would like to be in a society if she could—and yet, I never could make out whether you minded or not."

"Bless you, no."

"And you never had a condition, either, you old shark."

Jo laughed. "My dear girl, there's something more than a clear record required. You have taking qualities which I lack. But to tell the truth it doesn't trouble me that I am not included among any one group of thirty girls. I may be a very good sort, nevertheless, and I have friends in three or four societies who like me just as I am. Splendid girls they are, too! I like to choose my friends as individuals, not in groups."

"Still, I don't see why they don't quarrel over you. You are popular, or you would not have been elected senior president."

"I'm not popular! I hate the word—it's as bad as 'notorious.' If I thought—"

"Well, you needn't glare as if I had insulted you. If your popularity didn't elect you, I don't know what you call it."

"Then I'll resign to-morrow! Agnes, if I resigned Franc would be class president. How would that strike you? Would you rather room with the senior president than with the presi-

dent of Chi Theta—provided, I mean, that Franc was the girl?"

"Jo Doyle, you idiot! That's just like you—you haven't any sense at all. The girls could have elected Franc if they had wanted her. She was the next choice, but—"

"Yes, and if all her friends had been there she would have been elected."

"No, she wouldn't have been elected either. Why, Jo, the voting was tame. You had a big majority from the very beginning, and finally they made it unanimous. And now you're talking as if the class hadn't done anything for you at all."

It was Jo's turn to blush. She seized the oars to back the boat out of the water weeds in the cove, and began pulling toward Tupelo. Her keen face softened with gentleness.

"I know it, Agnes. I deserve to be throttled. I'm such an ungracious dog—" A pause. "But it's because I feel so strongly about it that I can't get used to the idea. I wanted Franc to have it,—she made such a good president freshman year, and she's so handsome and fine in every way. Then, when I got it, I was astonished, and thought it was luck. But I know better. The girls told me yesterday how the election went—"

"And now you're talking about resigning!"

"No, I'm not. Not any more. The girls chose me because —well, I suppose because they thought I could do the work for them better than any one else. I tell you, Agnes, it makes you feel warm to have people show respect for you like that. When I think of it soberly, I know I haven't any right to resign as long as I am able to do the work. I think I can do it, after a fashion, but I know it will be a nuisance sometimes —and when I think of Franc—"

"You'll do it better than Franc."

"Which did you vote for?" demanded Jo, her eyes wrinkled again at the corners.

"I sha'n't tell you."

"I'll bet I know."

"Who?"

"For me!"

Jo dodged a cushion and caught a crab.

"Here, stop your conceited mouth with a strawberry!" And Agnes thrust a big one between Jo's lips. "Bite! Don't take stem and all! Now take me home. This basket's 'most empty."

"It's dinner time, too, and you haven't told me yet which president you want to room with."

"Neither! O dear, and we draw numbers to-morrow! That's what I wanted to talk to you about in the first place. Listen, Jo. I've made up my mind not to room with Franc anyhow."

She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone which did not deceive Jo.

"Well?"

"You don't want a roommate, I suppose?"

"No," firmly.

"Why not? I'm warranted to wear well. Ask Franc."

"I don't need to ask Franc, but I must be alone. You couldn't be happy rooming with me, even if Franc should let you go. Does she know yet?"

"I'm going to tell her to-night. I know she's been thinking about it. She knows it's better as well as I do."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know—don't care. Stay at home and go to sewing societies."

"You'd better go single. And Franc will go single, of course. We'll all go single together."

"Yes, Stone Hall, I suppose—miserable dark old hole! There'll be no luck for me in singles. And Franc isn't going to room alone. I'm not blind. Hold up, Jo! You're knocking into a boat."

"You're steering."

"Well, pull on your port! There, now go ahead, and we'll reach the float. Get your starboard oar in. There you are! Now jump out and hold her while I give you the things!"

As they walked across the campus Jo pondered on Franc's

probable move in roommates. Jo was not blind either, and she knew what Agnes feared. She began to feel responsible for Agnes.

"I suppose you are groaning because that paper isn't written, Jo. What is it?"

"On 'Freedom,' for Dr. Fairchild, but I don't know yet what freedom is."

"There isn't any," said Agnes, "and anyhow I don't want it."

"I do, but I'm coming out a determinist, and I shall soon agree with you—that there isn't any. I'll get the cushions from you after dinner. And, Agnes, make up your mind to a single room next to mine."

* * * * *

At the end of another day of countless interruptions Jo hung a PLEASE DO NOT KNOCK on her door, and began writing in earnest at her desk which was soon covered with scattered papers and books turned down for reference. She was scanning a page for a quotation when she heard a familiar silken rustle and a pause of the quick step the other side of the transom. Jo dropped her books and flung open the door.

"Come in," she said, grasping Franc Wellington's hand. "You're the one girl in the college I want to see to-night."

"Then we are of the same mind. But you're writing a paper."

"O, the paper can wait. "It's on 'Freedom.' It proves for all time that 'man is his own star,' which he isn't, or I shouldn't have to sit up all night to finish this. One more half hour will not matter. Sit down." Jo dragged forward the Morris chair for her guest, and threw herself down on the couch.

"I believe I am tired," she said. "I've been working in the Boston Library all day, and at dinner there was the usual chatter about places for next year. Thank Heaven, I don't have to settle the roommate business!"

Franc laughed from the depth of the chair.

"How many girls have asked you this week to room with them?" she asked. "Don't frown—I am not going to ask you

to room with me. Did you get my note, Jo? You knew I was away over Sunday?"

"Yes, and you were the best sort of a trump to put it the way you did. Your words were the best of all. To tell you the truth, my greatest pride in the whole matter is that you were my rival. But, Franc, you should have been elected. You had experience freshman year. You know what the girls need in a president and I don't."

"You *are* what they need. I never was. The very fact that they elected you on a good majority shows that your influence goes further than mine. You've been gaining steadily in power, and the girls have found you out. I knew they would some time. Jo, I can't tell you how glad I am that you got it. You knew I would be glad."

"The faces of both girls were full of honest feeling. Jo clasped her hands behind her head.

"Yes, I knew it—but I like to hear you say so. I'm glad myself. I never imagined I could be so touched by anything the girls might do. The class seems to belong to me now, somehow, and I have almost as warm a feeling for the nondescript grinds as for those I know better. But I'm certain to get them into scrapes with my radical notions. Take me in hand, Franc. Teach me to be tolerant and gracious. Put some tact into me—I'm so clumsy."

Franc was amused at this show of humility.

"You might have an added grace or two, I suppose. We'll see what can be done in that line; but I've nothing to teach you in tolerance. You are too tolerant already; you always agree with any one who gives you half a chance. Did Agnes give you a chance to agree with her yesterday?"

"Partly with her."

"And partly with me, I suppose. She told me you advised her to take a single room."

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I thought she would be better off alone than with a new roommate."

"What about her old roommate?"

"Agnes didn't ask my advice about that. She simply told me she was not going to room with you."

"Did she tell you why?"

"Yes—but that wasn't necessary."

Franc's dark eyes flashed, but she said nothing. Jo knew she had struck home. She broke the silence.

"Tell me your view of it. I know you are fond of Agnes and feel upset about the whole business. What have you decided to do?"

"Haven't decided yet. You knew I drew a better number than Agnes?"

"No, I've been in town all day. Agnes told me her number, one hundred and fifty-four, isn't it? Couldn't be much worse. Mine is near it—one-forty-one. You had not drawn, Agnes said, when I started off."

"Well, I got fifty-eight—not very low, but it's sure to give me a good double room in College Hall, if I don't get a single."

"But if you go double your number is not so good. You and Agnes would have to take the average on your two numbers."

"Yes, if I room with Agnes. If I room with a junior I should choose a room on fifty-eight."

"The stern look in Jo's face forced Franc to go on. She leaned forward.

"That's where the pinch comes, Jo. Agnes declares she will not live with me next year. If she will not I certainly have a right to room with some one else. But I dread to make such a change—and it would hurt Agnes a good deal."

"Do you think she is right about not rooming with you again?"

"Yes, I'm afraid she is?"

"Society?"

"Yes."

Jo whipped the pillows impatiently.

"If only Agnes were a—" began Franc, and stopped.

"A member, you were going to say. Well, she's not, and she can't be, but she's as good a friend as you will ever have."

"I know it, Jo—I know all that a good deal better than you do. Now be sensible. Look at the facts with me. All the girls"—Joe understood "the girls" to mean Chi Theta members—"the girls want me to go with them, and they will all go where I go, for we happen to have fairly good numbers. They all like Agnes, and she likes them, but if I should be—I mean, supposing I—well, if I had any special responsibility for the society, things would be more awkward than ever. It's not that I shouldn't want Agnes to know things, but simply that I couldn't tell her."

"If you had single rooms near together there would be no trouble."

Franc faltered an instant under Jo's gaze.

"I don't want to room alone. I like the company of a roommate when she is congenial, as Agnes has been. I know several girls I should be willing to room with."

"And Nell Smith in particular," ended Jo.

"Yes, Nell Smith," exclaimed Franc, nettled by the tone. "Why not?"

"O, Nell's not objectionable, and since she is a sophomore you wouldn't have to split numbers with anybody."

"Nell is about the finest girl in college. She's bound to make her mark."

"That has nothing to do with the question."

"Jo, be reasonable, and I'll try to talk to you. I want you to tell me what you think about it. You know I'm awfully fond of Agnes. I always must be fond of her. And you see it's not sensible for us to room together next year. Senior year will be different from this. I'm sorry—I almost wish there wasn't any society."

"Nonsense."

"It's not nonsense. It's a serious problem. Don't you sometimes wish there were no societies?"

"No, not exactly. My grudge is against individuals rather than the societies, and against non-society girls as often as not.

Both sides are to blame for ill feeling. I don't see why societies should not have a normal place in college, and anyhow, there would be about so much rivalry and jealousy without them."

"But take this case of mine. There's no rivalry nor jealousy here. Practically Agnes is one of us. There are simply technicalities—the running business of the society and the initiation vows—that stand between. If there had been no society, there wouldn't be this question for me to settle."

"I'm not so sure of that. You are deceiving yourself. Do you think it is because you are in the same society that you want to room with Nell Smith? It was through your influence that she was first thought of by the society."

Franc got up.

"You're speaking very freely," she said.

"Will you answer my question?"

"No—certainly not."

"Well—it isn't necessary."

Franc turned to the door. Jo followed and laid a detaining hand on her shoulder.

"Don't go yet, Franc."

"I would not have taken that question from any one else, Jo."

"I'm sorry to hurt you, but I don't regret the question."

"Nell is my friend—and so is Agnes."

"You are to be congratulated. They are both very good ones. You always choose wisely. I have the honor to be your friend, myself." Jo folded her arms and bowed.

Franc held out her hand.

"Good-night, Jo." Jo clasped the hand in both her own.

"Look here, Franc. Don't think I'm unfair to you. I understand that your feeling is strong for both those girls. You knew Agnes first, but you and Nell Smith were bound to be friends from the day you met. You've simply got to follow your own feeling for them. If it is not wise for you to room with Agnes, then do as you like. Only, you've got to be perfectly open with both girls."

"I know it. I have been with Nell, but it's harder with Agnes, she feels so hurt now."

"She will get over it when she finds out that Nell hasn't the place she has had. Agnes has nerve and sense to carry her through."

"I wish you would room with her next year."

"Can't possibly. You know I'm invincible on that point. But I shall keep my eye on Agnes. It will be good for her to room alone—she will find herself."

"Your old theories. I suppose you think they ought to apply to me; but I should die of blue devils alone. I envy you your independence. Good-night, Jo."

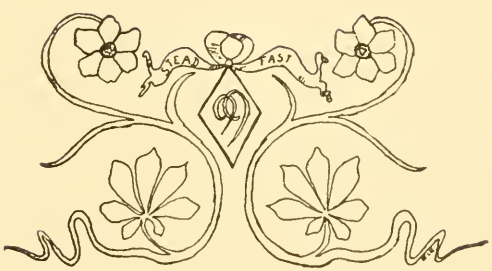
The two girls parted in silence.

"It is settled," thought Jo, as she went back to her work. "She will room with Nell, and I've got to look out for Agnes. Within two days eight different girls have asked me to room with them and have declared for rooms near mine. And Franc thinks I'm independent! Wonder if I ought to room with Agnes? It's irrational, and against my judgment—but my New England conscience—and her number is one hundred and fifty-four!"

At two o'clock next morning Jo's paper on "Freedom" was finished.

WALK TO WEST WOODS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.



A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

AS the notes from the organ began their preliminary rumble, the end girl on the front senior row rose and turned to walk up the aisle and out of the chapel. One by one the black gowns filed from the seat and the second row stood up to follow. A freshman in one of the rear seats watched the quickly emptying chairs with the fixed intentness which betokens mental preoccupation. The minor notes from the organ and the line of black-robed figures were depressingly sombre. She gave herself a little shake and glanced out of the window for consolation. A heavy gray mist sifted in upon her from under the sash. The trees in the circle glistened with thousands of tiny raindrops. Beyond them rose the gymnasium wall, its upper windows crossed with prison-like bars, its lower ones framing swiftly changing pictures of white-capped maids as they passed to and fro in the mammoth kitchens.

The girl beyond her nudged her elbow impatiently. "It's time to go," she whispered.

The freshman turned abruptly and passed out frowning. How unpleasantly commonplace that girl was anyway, with her red hair and protruding teeth!

She walked hastily down the corridor, crowded by the group at the bulletin board, and, crossing the centre, knocked at a north room door with an imperative tap-tap.

"Come." The voice from within was a trifle resentful, but it changed in tone as the owner caught sight of the freshman. "Oh, it's you," she went on. "Please don't knock at my door again with that own-it-all rap. It always makes me feel inhospitable."

"Helen!" The freshman stopped short to give the explo-

sively uttered word its full force. "I am going to be blue. I *hate* this place!"

The junior looked at the flushed cheeks and wrathful eyes, and a swift, comprehending smile of amusement and pity flashed across her face.

"What did you do last night?" she asked irrelevantly.

The freshman glanced at her reproachfully, and going over to the window, drummed idly on the pane.

"Oh, I went to a spread—it was a lovely spread, too," she added with a dreamily reminiscent look in her eyes. "We had all sorts of things; bunny and chicken and cake and pickles and—lot of things."

"I thought so," said the junior, carefully dropping the ink from a glass feeder into her fountain pen. "I thought I knew the symptoms."

The freshman faced round indignantly. "Now, Helen, you are too bad! I am not a child to be treated as though any diet but bread and milk brought a fit of bad temper. I'll own I have a headache, and it's rainy, and I'm sure to be called on in Greek to-day, and it's Gym. day, too, so I have to wear my suit to class, and my senior wasn't in chapel, but I'm really unhappy beside all that, and I think you might be sympathetic. Maybe you weren't ever blue yourself"—with a fine sarcasm of expression and disregard of elegant English.

The junior went over to the window, and throwing her arm about the other's shoulders—clad in the despised blue sweater—stood thoughtfully smiling at the mist outside.

"No," she said after a little pause, "I never was. I am always happy—anywhere—relatively so, that is. Don't think that I am not sympathetic, for I am. I am simply not encouraging."

"I don't want encouragement. I want—I don't know what I *do* want. You always misunderstand me, Helen," with a pathetic sniff.

A little look of wistfulness crept across the junior's face.

"I don't think I do," she said slowly. "You were just wishing for the moment that you could stir up things with a

stick and make the sluggishness break into a thousand brilliant little rosy soap-bubbles of good times. Things are wrong now some way, and you can't understand the why of it all, and you wish you were somebody else than yourself. My dear, look at that line of umbrellas hurrying over to the Art or Chemistry Buildings. Do you suppose I would exchange my pet blue devil for that of any girl in the line? No, and you wouldn't either. We might get bluer ones. I am going down for the mail; do you want me to take your key?"

The freshman gave it up silently and turned again to the window. As she flattened her nose against the pane with a curious child reminiscence of like early rainy days, the gong outside struck for recitations. The hubbub in the hall swelled for a moment as the girls passed into their class-rooms, and then ceased. The corridors seemed curiously still.

She turned from the window and threw herself upon the couch. "I can be happy anywhere," Helen had said. Her eyes fell upon the bright red table cover with its ugly pattern, on the comfortable unæsthetic chairs furnished by the college, on the dully-tinted walls, unrelieved by pictures, photographs, posters, or atrociously copied Gibsons. The familiar glitter of silver and cut glass was entirely lacking about the dresser, and the gray light from outside streamed in unsoftened through the curtainless window. Helen could be happy anywhere, even in this room.

"I couldn't," thought the freshman with a glow of shame as the vision of a certain dainty room not far away rose before her.

Quick footsteps accompanied by a snatch of song sounded in the corridor and the door opened.

"Home letters," Helen cried, tossing two fat ones into the freshman's lap. "There's an antidote for your cerulean complexion. I have one, too."

For a moment the only sound in the room was the crackling of the stiff paper as the younger girl eagerly turned the sheets. Helen's letter was only a page long, yet she sat with eyes fixed on the lines.

"Oh, listen to this," came from the couch with a peal of laughter.

Helen started and shivered slightly.

"What is it, dear?" she said.

The freshman turned quickly and looked at her. "Helen, what is it?" unconsciously repeating the other's words. She jumped up and came over to the table.

"Not much," after a little pause, "only this letter says—" Helen stopped for a moment with a quick convulsive straining at the corners of her mouth—"I am not coming back next year."

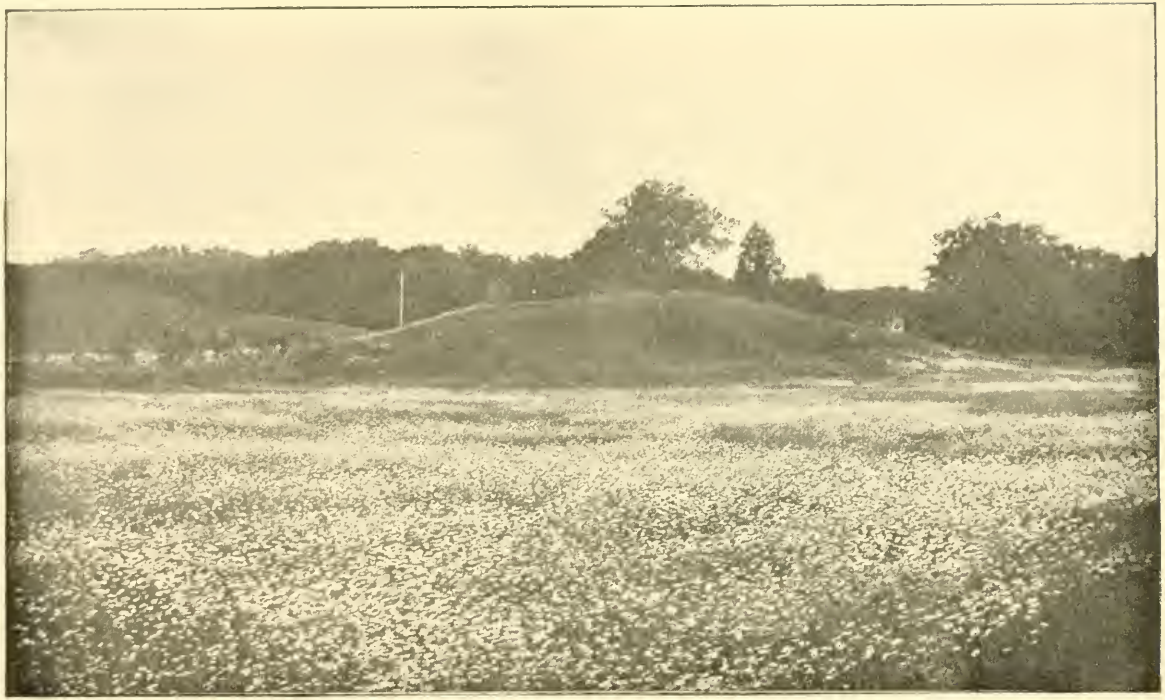
"Helen!"

She looked up and smiled reassuringly into the freshman's face—for a moment only, then the brow contracted with pain and the mouth twitched piteously. Her head dropped on the table and lay silently. The freshman stood with the half-read letter still open in her hand. Then the door closed softly behind her.

At the end of the next period the freshman came back to the north room to find her books. On the top one lay a note.

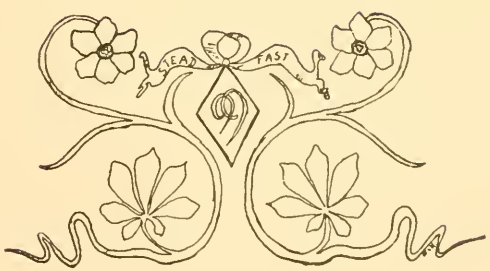
"Dear," it said, "please don't speak of this to any one. It is all right. I *shall* be happy."

The freshman was a little late to the gymnasium that day. Several times during the drill the girl next her looked around curiously at some unusually erratic movement. As they climbed the rib walls the freshman looked through the mist across the green at the long chapel window opposite. With a rush of recollections she covertly bent her head and brushed her lips against the bar to which she was clinging.



DAISY MEADOW.

THE ALLEVIATOR ALLEVIATED.



THE ALLEVIATOR ALLEVIATED.

HIS is the straightforward tale of a noble girl of the class of Umpty Umpt. It is the tale of the Alleviator whose career in college was one long effort to better the lot of others. The Alleviator tried to make life interesting for her friends and less of a burden to the Faculty. This may sound as if I were handling the truth carelessly. If you think so, you may ask any other member of the Umpty Umpt. Those who did not die in the process of amelioration will tell you a thing or two—feelingly, no doubt—to convince you. Perhaps you will be told about the time she posted a notice on the freshman bulletin board to the effect that each member of the class should bring a broom and a dustpan to the gymnasium by nine o'clock that morning. If she has any kind of a memory, she will recall how they swarmed down the devious paths of Domestic Hall and up the stairs to run against a paralyzed official. Said official was so overcome, by the way, that she not only did not invite them to withdraw, but helped them pile their burdens neatly in a corner of the "gym." She will, I say, if she is any sort of a girl, add incidentally that the Alleviator and the other girls who were detailed for sweeping the corridors (for this was in good old days of domestic work) had a day off in addition to the six they usually took. This recess, by the by, had the peculiar merit of a real reason for being, for "there were no brooms to be found."

Perhaps, too, you will be told how the Alleviator cured that bashful freshman (the only one I ever heard of) from a palpitating crush on an English Faculty. You will learn how assiduously she besought the freshman to do the proper thing by the Faculty, and send her large quantities of flowers or

anything else green and fresh; how, when the freshman had almost passed away with embarrassment and a longing to do it, she offered to send some herself in the freshman's name; how she sat up most of one night trying to copy the clear, firm handwriting that adorned her own ancient freshman themes: how, the next morning, the sufferer drew a rather stiff little note supposedly from the object of her emotions. A triumph was that note. Every "nice" and "fine" and "beautiful" had been heroically nipped in the bud. Its phrases were felicitously turned. It was choice, charming. You will learn how the freshman—But, as I say, some one else will tell you about that.

In case you don't hear that, however, you will surely hear about the sophomore document which the Alleviator and her friends got up for a certain department, promising them that, in the event of their failure to provide a mid-year examination, Umpty Umpt would bear them no ill will. Mayhap she will add, too, that the department, moved to tears and to action by this magnanimity, did by Umpty Umpt all that might have been expected (and rather more besides) in the way of declining the offer.

This, as you can see, would prove an exciting tale, and I am sorry that I cannot relate it to you myself. But it is no more interesting than the way in which the Alleviator assumed for a weary official the unpleasant task of issuing chapel summons by distributing those invitations herself according as her wisdom and interest prompted. You can fancy without anybody's telling you with what joy the official discovered how much cutting was going on within their midst she knew not of. And as for the delinquents after they had presented themselves in office hours! If you want to hear how they felt about it, you can ask a certain tall girl who has blue eyes and looks tired. She will tell you how they quoted Yale yarns for weeks to come because of its splendid opportunities to say bad words. I really hope you will hear this story. It is only equalled by the way in which she achieved the sudden exodus of all the men after the Glee Club concert,

and by the way—But as I said before, those stories you must get elsewhere. I have merely referred to them.

I must hurry on now to tell you about the philanthropic triumph of her junior year. It all came about in this way. The Alleviator made a discovery. Her roommate was in a bad way. Nan Wilson, who was called a "shark" in mathematics and Greek, had elected the required course in philosophy with a view to having as easy a time as possible. She not only got a "snap" in the amount of work demanded, but found that the instructor apparently kept no record of class attendance. Up to mid-years she had been almost faithful, but after that she sank hopelessly. By April she was almost regularly absent. All this pained the Alleviator, and for the highest of reasons, as you shall see. To be sure, regular habits were a good thing—even regular absences. But she reasoned that Nan was getting nothing out of the course and was deceiving the Faculty into the bargain. Which was certainly good ethics.

The Alleviator did not take philosophy, but she sat at the table with Nan and others who were in the same division. At dinner they usually passed some remarks upon the matter along with the bread and butter. Nan would ask carelessly if they had done anything particular in class, and, whatever the answer, ate her dinner with unchanged appetite. One night she was particularly complacent. After dinner the Alleviator gathered her missionary friends about her and they sat in secret session for some time.

"Positively, she's too indifferent about her blessings! The very idea! Here I am groaning under sixteen hours and every one of my courses so hard you couldn't break them if you dropped them on the Rules and Regulations. And Nan! Never a murmur or a thing to do! Every time I cut I almost have a spasm for fear I've been called on to recite. I hang around the very recitation room door. Simply can't get away. Try to catch the first girl out to ask her if my name was mentioned. And of course I always fall plump into the arms of the instructor. Now, Nan never has such luck.

She needs a real scare. It would do her no end of good and would be satisfaction enough to repay the trouble seven times over."

Which last motive was undeniably lofty. They put their heads together and laid a plan to correct the ways of the erring Nan. "We've got to give her a regular call-down. Something urgent and straight from the department. She won't pay any attention unless we make it stiff for her." From which it may be seen with what truly missionary atmosphere the room was pervaded. After due consultation the missive was finished. Before the Alleviator put the slip of paper into its envelope, each philanthropist read it carefully.

"Unless the records of the Department are in error, Miss Wilson has been absent from the class-room on the following dates:

"January 11, 13, 19, 21.
February 8, 17, 25.
March 15, 17, 24, 25.

"The Department regrets to say that, unless Miss Wilson can offer some suitable explanation for her absence on these dates, it must decline to accept her work for the present semester. Miss Wilson is, of course, aware that merely passing the examinations is not the equivalent of class attendance. Miss Brown will be glad to see Miss Wilson in her office hours to hear any explanations.

"April 1, 18—."

They dropped the note into the resident mail early Monday morning and then waited for developments. But nothing developed—at least for a day and a half. Nan said nothing about having received the fatal note, and the girls were forced to live in an agony of suspense and excitement. They took to flying to each other, whenever Nan left any of them, to ask breathlessly "Hasn't she said anything yet?" They dogged her every footstep. They led the conversation, or, rather, dragged it by the ears, to the subject of cuts and flunks in one's junior year. Nan neither retorted nor rewarded by so much as

the quiver of an eyelid. The Alleviator remarked disappointedly that she was just the same as usual and perhaps a little more so.

On Tuesday afternoon Nan was among the last to enter the class-room. The reformers had huddled together in the back of the room. When she made her appearance, they fell over upon each other in the most tragic swoons. They pressed their hands to their hearts. They made opera-glasses of their hands and gave her long, incredulous stares. Nan was in a panic. She looked nervously from the instructor to the girls and back again to the instructor. She leaned over and whispered vehemently, "I wish you'd stop, you idiots!" This request was received with a fresh accession of dramatic energy. As soon as the bell rang, they hurried up to her, beaming cheerfully and welcoming her by cordial handshakes as one returned from a far country. The rest of the class gradually left the room, leaving only themselves and Miss Brown, who sat at the desk gathering up her papers.

"We hardly dared hope for this pleasure," simpered one reformer. "So good in you, I'm sure, to give us your precious time."

"Shall we see you again soon? And what *did* induce you to come this bright afternoon?"

Nan was miserable and looked it. She kept one fascinated eye on the instructor, who looked up once without seeming to see or hear anything. Nan tried to stop their chatter and get them out into the corridor. But they seemed utterly unconscious of her discomfort and closed in fondly about her. The face of the Alleviator suddenly appeared in the doorway. She seemed a little out of breath and just a shade provoked. She also seemed to take no notice of Miss Brown, but let her gaze fall at once on the group of girls.

"Well, of all things! You here, Nan Wilson? What wonderful thing will happen next? This is more than I had hoped. I've been looking for you for a whole period, and the *last* place I expected to find you was here. I came up only as the last resort."

The Alleviator fanned herself with her hat and craned her neck far up out of her collar. As she did so she let her face turn toward Miss Brown.

"Oh, dear me!" she began in high confusion. "Why, really I had no idea—Why, Nan, I'm so—"

But she got no farther. Nan had made one last effort and, amid the shrieks of the girls, had rushed past the Alleviator down the corridor to her own room. They found the door unlocked. Nan was sitting on the couch at the window. (Ah me! that was in the comfortable old days when every room on the grounds maintained its couch.) They expected a rebuff, but Nan turned to them eagerly, excitedly.

"Oh, girls, do come in quick and shut that door. You don't know, you can't realize what a position I'm in."

The Alleviator looked innocent of the knowledge.

"I suppose not," she murmured.

"I almost died of embarrassment. I tried to let you see how it was, but I couldn't."

The missionaries looked hysterical. Nan turned to the Alleviator for sympathy.

"Laura Crandall, I never felt so terribly in my life. It was dreadful. It was pretty bad before you came. The girls were guying me about having come to class to-day. You know I've cut a good deal."

Laura looked incredulous.

"And I know," went on Nan, "that Miss Brown couldn't help hearing every word. I was just going to get them hushed up when you burst in on us with that awful speech. It fairly froze my marrow. Your voice sounded like forty Hindoo gongs. Oh, Laura, what can I do? Do you suppose she heard us?"

The Alleviator appeared to consider.

"Oh, of course, she heard us,—every word, too. There's no use closing our eyes to that. If I'd only known, I'd have —But what if she did hear? She won't understand. She won't know any more than she did before."

"Please don't think me silly. Of course I shouldn't have

minded ordinarily. But, girls,"—Nan's voice faltered,—"something has happened to make it different."

The reformers suddenly presented their backs to Nan. The Alleviator buried her face in the depths of the Morris chair.

"What's happened?" came forth in a breathy gurgle. Nan walked slowly to her desk.

"It was this. I got it yesterday morning." No one offered to look. A smothered, choking sound came from the chair. There was the shortest pause and then the Alleviator raised a serious face. She took the paper and read it through in exquisite surprise.

"What does this mean? Girls, look, look! Her High Mightiness has been brought to judgment at last."

The Alleviator burst into laughter. The reformers crowded around and took the paper one at a time. Their hands shook a little, and when they laughed their voices had an odd sound. Nan watched them read it. She did not show any impatience with their mirth.

"At first," she said, "I thought perhaps it might be a joke got up to plague me. I thought perhaps you girls had done it."

"Oh, Nan," reproachfully in chorus.

"Please don't misunderstand me. Of course as soon as I had given it a second thought, I knew you wouldn't have done anything so mean."

The phalanx wheeled as one man and presented backs a second time.

"And then besides, this sounds so exactly like Miss Brown."

A laugh started and ended abruptly in a gasp. "I have to admit it's really funny. I can't blame you girls for wanting to laugh. It certainly is a good joke on me after all I've done."

The girls showed signs of imminent dissolution. The Alleviator looked apoplectic.

"Yes, we think it is rather a good joke, Nan. You mustn't mind our laughing."

"I didn't mean to tell you—not at first. But I've been so worried. Do you suppose it really means a flunk? Here it is only the first of April, and 'unless Miss Wilson can offer some explanations'—Oh, what can I do? You'll admit it's hard!"

"Indeed, yes, almost more than I can bear. But you surely haven't been absent all those times. Tell Miss Brown her record is wrong."

"How can I when I don't know whether I've been there at all or no? I dare say I've cut twice as often as that. I really had no idea it was so bad. It's appalling, isn't it?"

"Rather," sympathized the Alleviator. "Still, it's not mortal. Go and explain to Miss Brown why you were absent."

"But that's precisely the trouble. I haven't anything to say."

"Oh, that's easy enough. Tell her anything. Tell her you haven't been in college since last September. Tell her your family all died off in quick succession of the typhoid fever. Tell her your eighteen brothers have been going off to the war, one at a time, and you've been dropping the silent tear."

Nan looked from one to another. She was beginning to suspect foul play. The Alleviator rose and gathered her friends about her. Nan looked forlorn.

"Seriously, what can I do? I'm in such a predicament."

The philanthropic delegation moved to the door.

"I can appreciate how embarrassing it is," observed the Alleviator sweetly. "I wish you'd take my advice and go to Miss Brown. Tell her any of those little things I mentioned. They're the only excuses I can think of. They're certainly good, and she'd be bound to sympathize with you. I wish you'd not worry about it any more. Come out for a walk with us."

Nan shook her head. There was something like a giggle when the door closed. The Alleviator put her head back into the door.

"I'm sorry you're so cut. Sorry you cut so." Then she fled.

Nan broke into a laugh. "Oh, it's too good. They think they've taken me in so completely. I must do something to get it back on them. As if a baby couldn't have seen through those clumsy gyrations. The way they stood around grinning audibly when they saw how wretched I was! Catch that dear imp of a Lollie Crandall laughing if she thought I was really to be flunked. I gave her credit for better acting than that, but I suppose she was too full of it. Kind in them to take such an interest in my work, I'm sure. I must reciprocate."

When the girls came back, they had evidently schooled themselves into a decent sobriety. But they made no reference to the great subject, and Nan did not take the initiative. At luncheon the next day, Nan spent just ten minutes with the girls and the apricots. She hurried up to Miss Brown's office and surprised that dignitary by rushing into the room rather aggressively.

"Miss Brown, I've come to see you about my work in philosophy—or rather about my not working in it. I have cut ever and ever so many times. I really don't know how often. I never realized that I wasn't there much of the time until yesterday. And it certainly never occurred to me until last night that it wasn't an all-round fair thing."

Nan paused. Miss Brown looked a bit afraid that the young woman in front of her had taken leave of her senses.

"The girls made me think of it. They played a joke on me. They sent me this." She laid the note on the table.

Miss Brown read it and then read it again. A slow light crept over her face.

"You thought I sent it?"

"Yes, at first. But I found out better yesterday. I came to see you as soon as I could. I thought it only right to let you know that I have been absent a great deal. I knew you didn't keep any record of the attendance, and, Miss Brown, there wasn't any good reason. I just stayed away."

The thought of the Alleviator's suggestions flashed across her mind, and she ended with a laugh. Miss Brown was recalling the gathering in the class-room the day before, and understood it for the first time.

"You were in class yesterday, I think?"

"Yes." Then they both laughed.

"I was so embarrassed," said Nan. "You see I thought—"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. I thought the others very merry. Let me see—It was Miss Crandall, was it not?"

"Yes. Miss Crandall is my roommate."

There seemed to be nothing further to talk about. Nan started toward the door.

"I hope we shall see more of you hereafter." Then they both laughed heartily again. Nan retreated with burning cheeks.

"How silly I was! I couldn't think of a single thing I'd planned to say." She turned and looked back. Miss Brown's eyes had followed her and, yes, she was still much amused.

That night the Alleviator and the philanthropic delegation came to Nan with a note. It read:

"My dear Miss Crandall:

"I wish to express my indebtedness to you and your friends for the kindly interest you have generously bestowed upon my work. It has always been my desire to see a closer, more intimate relation between members of the faculty and the students. I am gratified to discover this unexpected and, I may add, unusual evidence of good-will. I can fancy no surer proof of friendly intentions toward the faculty on the part of the student body than precisely this plan of assuming their disagreeable tasks.

"Believe me gratefully yours,

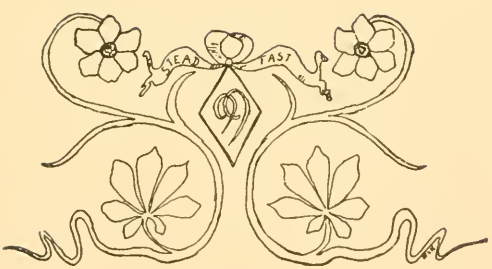
"Anna Cuthbert Brown.

"April 3, 18—."

Of course the Alleviator admitted defeat for the moment, and of course she came out ahead again the next week. But I have forgotten just how. For it has been lo! these many days since I roomed with the Alleviator.

WALK FROM STONE HALL.

VERSE.



DAWN AND DUSK.

The wild rose bloomed in the green, green field,
And the sun rose low in the east.
The wind blew soft o'er the blue, blue sea,
And the white gulls shot from their nest.

The oats change now from gold to dun,
And the clovers swift to black.
Far in the west the golden sun
Bids the earth a fair good-night.

J. A. M.

THE SLUMBER SONG.

Drowsily, sleepily, rock we together,
Crooning so softly the lullaby song
Dark though the world may be, and stormy the weather,
Sleep, little bird of mine, sleep the night long.

Weirdly, fantastically, see how the quivering
Light from the fire mocks the shade on the wall,
Sending it out to the wet and the shivering.
Sleep, little bird of mine, mother guards all.

Lovingly, broodingly, sleep hover over thee,
Cosily snug in the mother embrace.
Cruel the world may be, here blessing cover thee.
Sleep, little bird of mine, here is thy place.

M. B. M.

ON THE TOPMOST BOUGH.

(LULLABY.)

I'm rocking thee, dear,
On the topmost bough;
'Way up in the sky
Thou art swinging now.

I'm rocking thee, dear,
And the stars are near.
The moon is up,
And over the hill.

There are other stars
To light thee still,
When dear old Day
Has chased these away.

I'm rocking thee, dear,
On the topmost bough
To the sound of the wind
In my rustling leaves.
I'm rocking thee now
To sleep!

J. A. M.

LEGENDA SONG.

The class that leads the century out
Shall bring the new world in;
Then grant at least that ninety-nine's
Original in sin.

K. W. T.

THE DREAMLAND BOAT.

(LULLABY.)

Wings are fanning the Hours away,
Wings are brushing cares from the Day,
Wings are making sweet progress and slow
To the Land of Dreams where thou art to go.

Wings are hovering wherever thou art
Shielding and guarding a helpless heart,
Wings of memories dear that float
To Elysian Shores in the Dreamland Boat.

J. A. M.

'TIS DREAM-TIME NOW.

(LULLABY.)

Sleep, sleep, Little One,
'Tis dream time now;
And bright-eyed angels
Are keeping their vow—
Are filling their hands
With such fair flowers,
Such blossoms of Days,
Such buds of the Hours
As the Earth, thy mother,
May give as her gift.

Then sleep, Little One,
'Tis dream time now.
Angels are keeping their old-time vow,
Leaves are rustling upon the bough,
Birds are singing within their nest,
Then sleep, Little One, sleep now.

J. A. M.

MY MUSIC.

(BALLADE.)

Of lyre and flute some minstrels sing,
  And some of that enchanting lay
Which Orpheus, his love to bring
  Up from Plutonian shades away.
Yet list my song on some bright day
  When in the woods you go to dream,
And heed with thoughts now grave, now gay,
  The music of a running stream.

Come where the light-clear bubbling spring
  Drops on the moss its crytal spray,
And where the little ripples fling
  Their golden glimmers to the day.
Then, where the fertile sun of May
  Lets fall his life-awakening beam,
Attend, while slow your footsteps stray,
  The music of a running stream.

From out the fern-edged mossy ring
  Its little waves pursue their way
Where berried vines in cluster cling
  About the stubborn stones of gray.
Now here, now there, fresh runlets pay
  Their rainbow drops that, tinkling, seem
To sing the treble notes that sway
  The music of a running stream.

ENVOI.

Ah, wilding woods! Let me but stay
  Where moon and sun alternate gleam.
Give me for melodies, I pray,
  The music of a running stream.

K. W. T.

THE SLEEPY-TIME SONG.

Hush! in the meadows the daisies are thinking,
Thinking of sleepy time, too.
See, in the far west the red sun is sinking,
Soon in the heaven soft stars will be winking—
Sleepily thinking of you.

Hush! in the cool pond the frogs are all singing—
Singing in sleepy time, too.
Out of the west the soft night-wind is swinging—
Welcome the gift that the night-wind is bringing—
Bringing a wee dream for you.

Hush! for the shadows still nearer are creeping
O'er the grass laden with dew.
Sleep, for our whole little world now is sleeping,
Rest, for the night bringeth surcease of weeping,
Sleepy time's waiting for you.

M. B. M.

SHE WRITES FOR THE "MAGAZINE."

Lost in amaze, the wonder of your eyes
Making all senses but mine eyesight fail,
And vision's very strength and self grow pale,
Meting self-pity in its wearied sighs;
My truest love itself but vainly tries
To see your fatal beauty and prevail
O'er the strange joy that follows in its trail.
Love before love of loveliness still flies.

She speaks.

An octet done. Quite nicely, too.
May tenth? That's spring as sure as fate;
Time for a bid for Jack's canoe.

Miss Blank said not to have this late.
It takes up space, a mutual bore.
I'll never finish at this rate.

She writes.

Not in your presence then, I love you best,
So does the picture but itself reveal,
The summit point of art's impassioned quest.

She speaks.

Jack's a charming young creation.
But I make a reservation
For the funny sophomore.
Tech., last Monday on the shore.
Shore! I'm due at Tupelo.
Promised Nell we'd go to row.

She writes.

Herein you learn how still my lips to seal
And keep my love forever unconfessed.
Yourself within your beauty still conceal.

She speaks.

Call you this a sonnet?
'T hath that name upon it.
Poor child, no doubt she's in a fret,
Waiting at the point, I'll bet.

She writes.

Dear Miss Blank, hope this will do—
Awful task to get it through.
Point it, please, without my name,
And keep it dark from whom it came.

A. E. W.

SONNET. THE ANEMONE.

Softly and slowly, all night long, the snow
Hath whitely covered up the dreary ground,
Till now, in wood or river, not a sound
Of rustling leaf or waters circling slow
May reach the ear. The steady stream doth flow
Beneath its coverlet of ice. A mound,
Breast-high, pure white, among the trees is found,
Where spring-time days anemones do grow.

Which is more pure, the winter mantle white
Or star that shineth in the depths of night?
The crystal drop shed from the morning sky
Or pearly moonbeams stealing voiceless by?
The slight, first flower springing in the grove,
The pale anemone, or thou, my Love!

K. W. T.

DAYTIME.

The silver birch in the wind bows down
And sweeps the lawn with her green, green leaves,
Then sways back from the sun-swept ground
To shake and shadow her tops in the breeze.

The silver birch her head lifts up
And laughs and laughs at the blue, blue sky.
"Take thanks," she says, "for the warm rain cup
Ye scattered to-day from your clouds on high."

J. A. M.

NIGHTTIME.

The silver maple sways her moonlit head,
And whispering melodies enwrap the night
To charm and soothe the spirits of the dead,
Here, yet unseen within the moon's gray light.

The silver maple sweeps the rustling grass,
While spirits walk with faint, unheeded tread.
The silver maple whispers as they pass,
"Ye live alway, 'tis not the resurrected dead!"

J. A. M.

THE OLD SONG.

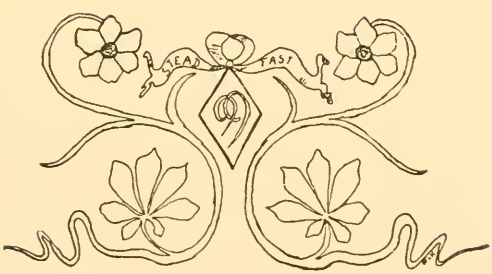
I hear you sing that winsome monotone
Whose quiet charm was yours and yours alone,
I sit and brood over the fitful flame
Where dreamful, wakeful fancies passed and came,
Clasped in the circling music as a zone.

The daily task was done. Dull care had flown.
Just you and I, dear friend. "All errors known
Into the night we fling, all doubt and blame,"
I hear you sing.

You sing, bubbling with joy, one perfect tone.
My books are shelved. My steamer-chair's my throne.
I've shelved my hopes, my dreams of future fame.
Ah, Kettle mine! "We drink in leisure's name,
For who shall bar one fragrance from the drone?"
I hear you sing.

A. E. W.

NONSENSE VERSE.



AT WELLESLEY.

"Fruit is good, but fruit is fleeting,"
I have often heard them croak;
For they see the dish retreating
Ere the clock is on the stroke.

A. T. S.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

"Oh, please explain," the freshman cried,
"My ears are all intent;
Now can't you tell me what it is,
This College Settlement?"

The weeks flew by. The term bills came.
Her money was quite spent.
The freshman sad now asks no more
What a "college-settle" meant.

A. T. S.

THE PITY O'T.

Beshrew me! 'tis a sorry sight
And sad, for gods or men,
To see how o'er my jokes so bright
My pen has wept again.

A. T. S.

AD HOMINES WELLESLIANOS.

(HUITRAIN.)

Just eight! That numbers all. No more
Of "nature's noblest works" we know
In lecture-room or corridor
That deal th' "instructo-govern" blow.
(See calendar; the lists will show.)
To them we pour this eight-line lay—
Ares raræ,—masculino—
(The accent's wrong!) Val' et salve!

A. T. S.

CONTENTMENT.

Oh, who would sigh for a castle in Spain,
Or a palace of jaspered wall,
When she can live where her wardrobe stands
Round the corner in the hall?

A. T. S.

AFTERMATH.

Not all is change, e'en here below;
Some things may not dissever.
The June-bugs from my room may go,
But I from "Trig"?—no, never!

A. T. S.

Life's a joke,
All things show it;
Once I thought so,
Now I know it.

THE POETS' CORNER.

THE BAKE OF THE MOCK.

FROM CANTO IV.

The question set, the doubtful spoon applied,
A silence reigned till each her taste had tried.
Now quick the impetuous nymph her triumph claimed,
And vowed the flavor should be coffee named.
But Hebe frowned upon her hasty choice,
And gave opinion in a statelier voice.
"'Tis caramel," she said with calm disdain,
"Than this there could be naught, I vow, more plain.
A Wellesley girl and not yet better taught?
Has culinary art thus vainly wrought?
Tradition-schooled, each maid should come to know
How caramel and coffee learn to grow.
Not dull subservience to a past ideal,
But faith in nomenclature she must feel."
The nymph, abashed, no answer sought to make,
And hid her blushes with a piece of cake.

A. E. W.

"LIFE'S A SAD MISTAKE."

Life's a sad mistake;
College is a bore.
Oh! for a piece of juicy steak,
Or a harp on the farther shore.

C. W. B.

A-WRITIN' THINGS AT NIGHT.

I ain't afeard of math-exams,—not since my freshman year,—
Nor hygiene where you learn to draw your breath and skull and ear!
I'm pretty smart, I guess, an' yet I never get to rest,
For when the watchman's marchin' round an' peerin',—mean old pest,—
My roommate tells me soft "good-night" and turns off her own light,
An' leaves me sittin' all alone a-writin' things at night.

Sometimes they come by twos and threes; sometimes they come by fours;
Sometimes they're only "brief" ones,—but they're always awful bores;
Sometimes they're psychological; sometimes they're arguments;
An' once 'twas writin' poetry (I ain't felt just right sence);
An' once 'twas kings of Israel a-goin' forth in might;
But the subjects ain't no difference when you're writin' things at night.

Lucky thing I ain't a boy or I'd worry and git sick;
Bein' I'm a girl, I take right hold and do 'em like a brick.
But now that spring is drawin' nigh, an' the nights are gittin' hot,
I've come to a conclusion, a new idear I've got:
"Oh ruther let non-credit notes assail me left an' right
Than I should keep a-livin' on a-writin' things at night."

A. J. S.

COLLEGY ANNE.

'Twas nine at night, three minutes past.
She ran down hill and climbed up fast,
The fair Collegy Anne.
From College Hall to College Hill
She hastened, as lone maidens will,
This fair Collegy Anne.

The mist it rose from marshy vale,
It hid the moon, her light was pale.
Oh, the floating mist!
It streamed from campus and from wood,
It crept in clouds, it chilled the blood,
The shining, floating mist.

She hastened on, her heart beat fast,
She hoped to reach her home at last,
This fair Collegy Anne.
But see, a pale form meets her eyes,
She cannot move, her hairs 'gin rise,
Poor lone Collegy Anne.

A doleful voice, with accents drear,
Wails its woe in the entranced ear
Of fair Collegy Anne.
A maid of mist sways to and fro,
And sobs her song in accents slow
To fair Collegy Anne.

"I was a maid of copper hue,
On Waban I paddled my light canoe;
All men are false, alas!
My lover left me for another.
I died of grief, I ne'er loved other;
All men are false, alas!

"I prayed in death that I might lie
Where cruel man could ne'er come nigh.
I was so young and fair!
They dug a grave in a deep hill-side
For me that should have been a bride.
I was so young and fair!

"The years rolled on, the years rolled by,
A college stood, where I did lie,
For fair Collegy Annes.
I smiled to think they never guessed
Who lay there 'neath the sod at rest,
Those fair Collegy Annes.

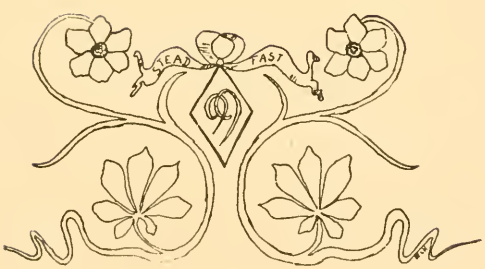
"But man, the cruel past belief—
Excuse these tears, excuse this grief—
Dug up my pretty bones.
He boiled and polished every one,
He made of them a skeleton,
Ah me! My pretty bones!

"They put them in a dark, dark case,
They put them in a queer, queer place,
'Tis callèd P. L. R.
Oh, 'tis the strangest room in town,
The floor goes up, the floor goes down,
The floor of P. L. R.

"Oh, list my tale, revenge my fate
Upon base man with cruel hate,
Thou fair Collegy Anne."
She vanished into air at last;
With pallid face away sped fast
That fair Collegy Anne.

C. W. B.

SKETCHES.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF WELLESLEY.

From her theme:

"The college is beautiful and the faculty are lovely."

The comment:

"Weak."

The corrected version:

"The college is beautiful and the faculty are weak."

Her note in the margin:

"I don't care. I think some of them *are* just lovely."

IBID.

I.

"Those were simpler days," moaned the Responsible. "It was before the epithet came in."

"What did they do without it?" asked the Tributary.

"They had genius."

"To burn," put in Skepticus.

"Were there no posters?" said Stellarius.

"None," said the Responsible patiently.

"You make me feel like a Peter Newell drawing. I am afraid I do not understand."

"It is because it is simple, I am afraid," said the Responsible sadly. "I cannot explain."

II.

"It is wrong to go back, isn't it?" said Stellarius anxiously.

"Not if you have taken the wrong way to go ahead," the Responsible answered. "Don't you feel it so?"

The Tributary groaned. "You ought to make it clearer."

"I can't," said the Responsible. "You would not want it done in epithets, and I was taught that way. We all were, you know."

"We can't outgrow it," said Skepticus dryly.

"Oh, don't say that," said the Responsible.

III.

"How are you getting along," asked the Responsible.

"It is impossible," the Tributary said sadly.

"Do you really believe—"

"Yes, yes. They kept them out—"

"How could they live without them?"

"We'll never understand," said Skepticus.

"Where is Stellarius?" said the Responsible sternly.

"Asleep. It is too much to ask of Stellarius," said the Tributary.

"Do they come in your dreams?" whispered the Responsible awfully.

"Always,—clouds of them," answered the Tributary.

A. E. W.

PHONOGRAPHIC KINETOSCOPE PASTEL.

(IN PROSE.)

The organ played a creamy crimson melody. Early comers leaned back and watched the students stream down the chapel aisles. Gradually, the platform was dotted with cheery young faces. The organ played chords lower and lower. A belated senior slipped in as the great brown door shut. Her mortar-board was on awry. The junior in the green bicycle suit clutched an open blue-book. The assembly rose for the first hymn. She sank in her chair and fixed her eyes solemnly on the stained-glass window-front, second left. Her lips moved. She was learning her German poem for a "nine o'clock."

A. E. W.

AQUARELLES IN IMPRESSIONISM.

I.

Yesterday the tumbler was empty. To-day the tumbler is full. Do you see that cranberry sauce across the table?

II.

The spokes of my wheel glitter. The sun has set. Where is the oil-can?

III.

Forth from the organ roll great harmonies of sound. It is as if my soul were borne aloft on waves of melody, seeing the blue infiniteness of heaven as it never saw before. It is as if the gentle quivering hand of an angel were laid on my heart bidding me leave the chapel.

IV.

Afar off on the black garments of night glittering like a sparkling jewel now radiating daggers of brilliancy, now seeming to draw into itself the myriad changelessly changeful light of the opal—is an electric light.

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY ROOMMATE.

(Mary thrust her head through her bedroom portière.)
How many feet in a mile?
5,280.
Thanks!

Well, what did I miss?

Oh! Professor Rash came up and blinked at us and it was just elegant. The girls were rushed, so I took myself up to Professor Crash. She shook hands, and muttered me over to Miss Dash. I thought she looked mighty blank. Miss Dash pumphandled and grinned and said, "I'm so tickled—"

Mary!

Wait a minute, will you? I was stunned myself. She turned to Professor Crash—"So tickled you've forgotten a name."

Mary? M-e-m-e-n-t-o or t-o-e?
T-o.
Sure?
Yup.
Thanks!

A PATHETIC FALLACY.

"He couldn't have published it before it wasn't written," said Mary, with real scorn.

"I suppose you mean he couldn't have published it before it *was* written. Well,—that's what I said. He rewrote it, so, of course, it must be the first version we've seen."

"But, Judy, I don't mean that. I mean he couldn't have published it before it wasn't written."

"Nonsense," said Judith. "There never was a time before it wasn't written, you little goose."

Everybody else was laughing or smiling indulgently by this time, but Mary was limp with pathetic protest. "I don't see what the matter is," she reiterated. "Now,"—in cool argumentative tones—"he couldn't have written it—I mean published it—before it wasn't written. That is what I meant."

Judith broke in: "There was a time—"

"Sh! children," said Bess. "It's a pretty story, and I'm glad it has been written. All agreed on that?"

But Mary sat with three hard knots in her forehead for the rest of the evening.

A LAMB ROAST.

Why do the students lean forward and clap their note-books shut?

Why do they breathe hard and watch the Professor with eager eyes?

Is it that they are too interested to take notes?

Has their enthusiasm carried them away?

Oh! no. They wish they could be carried away. The bell has rung, and they are courteously restraining themselves from rushing away before the lecture closes.

But will the lecture ever close?

They cannot tell, but they hope so.

AS IT WAS READ IN NEW TESTAMENT 9.

Professor—"We will hear Paul's own words about his Corinthian visits if Miss ——— will read us II Corinthians xii. 14."

Student (after desperate search)—"And he did evil—"

Professor (interrupting)—"Beg pardon, but haven't you mistaken the place?"

Student (in confusion)—"I was reading II Chronicles."

Student (after another prolonged search)—"For the body—"

Professor (puzzled)—"Are you sure—"

Student (in greater confusion)—"Oh, I have I Corinthians!"

Pause, during which an excited turning of leaves may be heard.

Student (reading in triumphant voice from II Corinthians xii. 14)—"Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you."

"I was under the impression," said the soft-spoken young man, "that there were no men allowed in the college."

"What a weird notion," said she. "We have any amount of resident mail."

"Are you busy? Can I come in?"

"Yes, do. I'm writing poetry."

"Excuse me. I don't want to put my *foot* in it."

IN OLD TESTAMENT 1.

The distressing news that the Semitic race had "duel" divinities becomes less a matter for sympathetic regret when we are told they are a very "hospitable" people.

IBID.

It must have been a very homesick Freshman who headed her first lecture "Serious Place in the World's History." Perhaps it was the same student grown happier and more flippant who wrote at mid-years of the "roll" of the Semitic Race.

AS WE HAVE HEARD.

Class President: "The motion has been made and seconded."

Voice from the rear of the room: "Question! Question!"

Class President: "Oh, excuse me; are there any questions?"

"Do barn-swallows sing?"

"Yes, indeed."

"What is their song like?"

"The tune the old cows died on, naturally."

Chapel announcements are sometimes surprising. We remember the day we were told that a certain missionary would lecture on "The Palestine Hills on Horseback."

The day after Thanksgiving recess in chapel:

"The missionary meeting to-night will consider Greece with especial prayer and consideration for Turkey."

ABOUT 9 A. M.

"Have you anything to eat? I didn't get down in time."

"No, but you'll find some jam down in the post office."

AT THE SHORE.

"It was simply wonderful the way I took to water."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I went out to Wellesley one night last June to Float and came out swimmingly."

ON THE HILL.

"Did you know that not a blooming girl can be found on Norumbega lawn?"

"No? Why?"

"Completely run out."

SHOWING THE VISITOR AROUND.
(AT THE EAST END.)

Student: "This is the chaste Diana."

Visitor (sympathetically): "Ah! And this poor deer with his broken feet, has he been chased, too?"

Student (kindly): "No, but the girls 'fawned' upon him—regular college stroke, you know. It always takes everybody off his feet."

AFTER TEN.

Bill: "I don't see how those Wellesley girls live."

Will: "Pshaw! They don't work."

Bill: "Don't they? Did you ever go without sleep one hundred and sixty-eight hours?"

Will: "No: nor you."

Bill: "Well, one of those girls told me she sat up every night for a week."

Freshman at German Faculty's door: "I want to know whether you will chaperon us to the French opera to-night. It is to be 'Götterdämmerung.'"

Perhaps it was the same eager Freshman who inquired if Siegfried played in "Faust."

"What is this Wellesley spirit I hear so much about?" inquired the stranger.

"Alcohol, I suppose," answered the village apothecary.

"This life's a hard matter," said the Athletic Field. "No matter how smooth I am, they always jump on me."

"I'm worse off still," said the Tennis Court, "I get all *balled up.*"

"What's 'balling up'?" snorted the New Chapel. "What if the new contractor had *bawled down* at six o'clock that you weren't up yet?"

"An insult, surely," observed the Stone Hall. "Now, I'm more fortunate. *I'm* told that no one can leave me without taking a downward step."

"These college girls go into everything nowadays."

"What's the latest?"

"Dressmaking. Why, they're making up wrappers for the '99 Legendas."

SUCH NERVES.

"Most extraordinary thing. In at Parker's the other day. Two Wellesley girls dining at next table. Dessert on. Says one, 'What course do you prefer?' Waiter comes up with a cup of coffee. Second girl looks up, 'pon my honor, and says, 'Two cups, if you please.—Phill 12. No! Phill 14—' "

FORENSICS.

Logic, bad.
English, pad.
Instructor, mad.
Student, sad.

One 1900 (on Tree-day): "I took a snap at the senior dance, but the light was no good."

Another: "Oh! did you get them in a pretty posture?"

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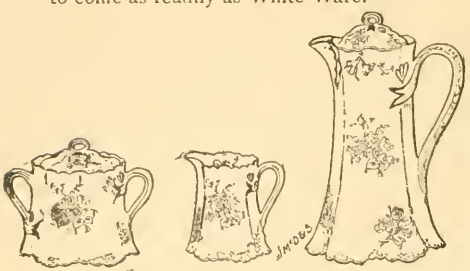
Dollie Freshman (to junior, after Tree-day): "'99 looked the *prettiest* of all. The wings were so graceful, and I never saw anything cuter than those antilles."

A stock pattern which can be had in separate pieces as well as sets and matched for years to come as readily as White Ware.



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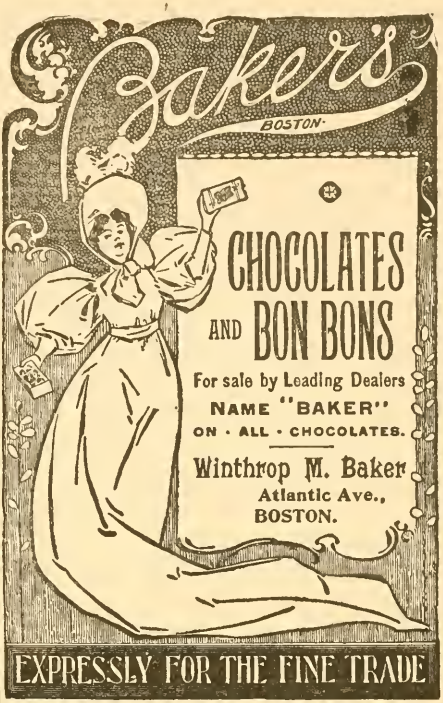

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